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# Maclean's

DECEMBER 10, 1979

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## Editorial

### Will the ayatollah's fanaticism tilt the balance of world power?

By Peter C. Newman

It's easy enough to dismiss Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini as a busy-headed madman, a baroque bent on driving the world into the frenzy of daily war that created a Muslim empire in the time of the Crusades. "Why should we be afraid?" he taunts. "We consider martyrdom a form of honor!"

If he is indeed mad, Khomeini must be a superb actor. He certainly appears the picture of arrogant sanity in his endless press conferences over the U.S. television networks. The Americans chose to take him on by admitting the sham, and ever since he has managed to defy not just the might of the U.S. but the unanimous disapproval of the civilized world. Mervyn McDonald's profile of Khomeini (see page 26) avoids the stereotypes that have fogged the West's understanding of this extraordinary figure, documenting the faith and bitterness that have driven him to impose his brand of Islamic purity over Iran.

In challenging the U.S., Khomeini has obviously struck a sympathetic chord with millions of Muslims. The danger is that the Persian prophet's antics may drastically alter the balance of world power. "Wild as the ayatollah seems to be," James Scholesinger, the former U.S. secretary of defence has accurately observed, "he would not have dared to touch the Soviet embassy." As American prestige and power continue to plummet, the U.S.R. is preparing to move in and dislodge the Americans' remaining sphere of Middle East influence.



Thoughtful Europeans such as Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber of France believe that U.S. domination of world politics has come to an end. He predicts the emergence of a new "creative triangle" which would combine Middle Eastern oil and money with European wisdom and Japanese technology. An Arab-operated banking cartel funneling petrodollars through the European monetary system has already replaced the traditional domination of the U.S. financial houses and the American dollar.

Europe's surge of confidence is hard to overestimate. Its economies are booming. The nine Common Market countries will this year achieve a combined gross national product three-quarters that of the U.S., the continent has survived for almost two generations without war, the spectre of Eurocommunism is evaporating.

That's why, with the exception of the U.K.'s Margaret Thatcher, European statesmen have been meticulously lukewarm in their support of the American position in Iran.

The taking of diplomats as hostages is irreparable lunacy which will eventually bring more harm to the citizens of Iran than to the Americans. But lunatic leaders seldom take into account the self-interest of their followers.

We can't afford to dismiss the ayatollah's threat that he is not merely out to quell the power of the United States. "It is a struggle," he has warned us, "between Islam and the infidels."

Maybe we should all face east and start salivating.

## Maclean's

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## 'The Rock' begins to roll

By Robert Ptaszyn

Long-winded debates, like wars that rattle on for decades, lose their zest and public appeal. Canadians, therefore, can be excused for focusing solely on the newest referendums debate, even if the true, original debate—for Newfoundlanders, anyway—continues with no-such-and-vigor. The true debate began 45 years ago, when the Dominion of Newfoundland lost its representative government and became ruled instead by a commission named by the British Parliament. The history books say the debate—over just how "The Rock" should be governed—ended soon after with two referendums. In fact, these votes were only a pause in a period of continuous government. April 19th of 1949, marked the beginning of Newfoundland's uphill battle to regain its own niche in the Commonwealth—and deliver the debate over the battle has gone away. There has been a half while Newfoundlanders regroup, and now the struggle is about to start again.

In that regard Newfoundland was one of the Quebec. After 18 years of this rule by Maurice Duplessis, Quebec went into an introspective period, then came bursting out later with what has sometimes been an extreme nationalism. In Newfoundland, Confederation," as he used to like to call himself, ruled supreme for 23 years. Once Joey Smallwood was defeated in 1975, Newfoundland also went into a period of reflection. Then the debate gradually rumbled back to life. Should Newfoundland have joined Canada? Wasn't the vote for the same thing if a third referendum were held now? (In fact, there has been some question as to whether the second referendum—the first one went against Confederation—really was valid. Many Newfoundlanders believe the ballots were cooked and, although no one has been able to confirm the rumors of a recent deathbed confession by one of the supposed cheaters, the rumor itself has attained the level of myth.)

There have been signs lately that the debate over Newfoundland's future will be heated out as on the floor of the provincial legislature. Two indications of this are the fact that there has accompanied without incident, outbursts around the world for centuries. First there's the legislation asking the *Globe* to Newfoundland, the official anthem, with a refrain that reads: "God guard this land, Newfoundland. Perhaps it's not as strong as the anti-Confederate song which warned, come here at your peril, Confederation won't, but after all, it is supposed to be an anthem. Then there's the flag issue, which the government has revived. The Union Jack

has always been the official banner, although before joining Confederation in 1949 many Newfoundlanders considered the old pink, white and green banner, associated with the island for generations, to be the "real" Newfoundland flag. This time it seems certain Newfoundland will get a new flag, and while the choice is up to a select committee of the legislature, it's fairly certain that the pink, white and green will now become the official banner.

Newfoundlanders received an official boost only months after Brian Peckford, Newfoundland's brand new premier, took office last March. In his speech from the throne in July, he told Newfoundlanders that they must begin the final but necessary stage in the process of reconstruction. "The great question posed today," the speech read, "is whether we are ready to move away from a paternalistic controlled federalism. Are we ready to trust more in our own abilities as a society than in federal transfer payments?"

Peckford has followed that three-step speech with a legislative program that again is reminiscent of what happened in Quebec during that province's Quiet Revolution. Peckford, who doesn't like using the word nationalism, says the legislature is still part of his aim to "control our own economy and social destiny"—a control that Peckford intends to get whether or not other provinces have it too. There have been some major moves. Newfoundland's argument that it kept certain sovereign rights when it joined Canada, the use of that argument to gain control over offshore resources, the current effort to gain jurisdiction over the fishery, and the move to have Newfoundland regain control of the railway, run by CN. Apart from that, there is a slew of housekeeping items on the agenda that follow the Lange-Loewen policy of becoming "masters in our own house."

In Quebec, nationalists can be explained by the isolation imposed by language. In Newfoundland, isolation has been imposed geographically. As Dr. Arthur Bullivant, former head of a royal commission on transportation in Newfoundland, explains: "There's a suspicion prevalent among Newfoundlanders that people [living] on the mainland are not out for our best interests. We suspect that people in Halifax and Montreal and Ottawa are not actually thinking of our welfare." Even Joey, debating for Confederation, said: "I am not one of those who would welcome federal union with Canada at any price." Peckford's speech from the throne, and the way things have developed since that speech was delivered last spring, clearly indicate that Newfoundlanders are weighing the price they have paid and may well decide it has not been worth it.



Peckford, workaholic battler and a deathbed confession?



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# The secret of sizzle and splash

Cymbals are among the world's oldest musical instruments. They've mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, have been found entombed with Egyptian mummies and were used to rouse Turkish armies to battle. Today they have become standard equipment for everything from symphonies to rock bands. They're also very big in Medford, New Brunswick, these days.



Medford is a quiet village beside the St. John River 50 miles north of Fredericton. Here, in a neat riverside factory, the Avadis Zildjian Company turns out shiny brass cymbals, not in ones and twos, but in the thousands.

In the eastern world of cymbals, where descriptive words such as splash, crash, hi-hat and smile all denote particular types of the instrument, the Zildjian Company has long been big. Zildjians have been used by drummers Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich, the Toronto and Boston symphonies, and rock bands including The Who and the Electric Light Orchestra.

Indeed, the Zildjian surname actually means "cymbalsmith." It was given to the original Avadis Zildjian, a 15th-century Constantinople alchemist, after he discovered a superior method of treating a copper-tin alloy. The process, said to be what renders Zildjian cymbals unique, has been a family secret ever since, handed down like a European crown to the senior sons of each successive generation.

These days the secret recipe secretly with Armand and Robert Zildjian, sons of the second Avadis Z., who, in 1926, built the company's first American factory at North Quincy, Massachusetts.

The company barely survived the great crash of that year, and then flourished in the subsequent "boom," "baby" and "starving" booms.

It was Robert's decision, in the late 1920s, to locate a new plant in New Brunswick. He had been coming to the province on hunting and fishing trips since right after the Second World War. "That put me in touch," he now says unabashedly, "with what I consider per-

The actual cymbal-making process involves a combination of mind, muscle and ear. The raw castings are alternately heated in specially designed ovens and flamed in a rolling mill; the molten metal is pressed. Then, in subsequent machine operations, the slowly evolving cymbals are shaped, tempered and turned on precision lathes to give them the proper tone. In a separate room, other cymbals are hand-ham-



haps the best location in North America"—in terms of a pleasant rural setting and plentiful supply of trainable laborers.

For a province that usually could only lure outside industries with controversial government grants, this was some surprise indeed. And to run his new plant Zildjian chose not some newly-eyed managerial tyro out of the Harvard business school but the owner of the sporting camp he had been going to for years, Wilfred Way of nearby Charlie Lake. His rationale was that anybody who could manage hunters and fishermen, as Way still does, could surely handle the average New Brunswick worker. Today, 11 years after moving, Zildjian has but one regret. "I should have done it sooner!"

In the Atlantic provinces, transportation has often been a bane for industries, but the way Zildjian overcomes the problem is simplicity itself. Every fortnight a company truck trundles down to Massachusetts with a load of completed cymbals for the U.S. market. On the return trip it carries a cargo of brass castings (more according to the secret formula at Zildjian's other factory [run by brother Armand] in Norwell, Massachusetts).

Cymbals (right) are being hammered into shape at Medford, N.B., from babbles to rock

needed into shape for customers who prefer the old-fashioned product.

Pleading over three veteran operators at Medford are New Brunswick workers who had worked previously as woodworkers and mill hands. But that was a plus, says Zildjian—they came to him as malleable as the metal they work with, "trained but ready to be trained."

For each a potentially noisy business, the Zildjian run their New Brunswick factory with remarkably little fanfare. Still, the plant has just undergone its third expansion, and employment has climbed from seven workers producing a second line of cymbals in 1968 to 30 people making the top Zildjian line.

Nobody seems happier about all of this than Robert Zildjian. He has become a Canadian citizen and currently is building a new home in a rustic New Brunswick setting. What's more, he even has a son to pass the secret alloying process on to. And not only in son Rob Zildjian interested in the business, but he's a professional rock drummer too. What more could a cymbalsmith father ask? David Fohler

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## Tradition of violence: Japan's right revival

By Stephen Bronte

**T**hey can usually be seen riding in blue sound trucks flying through Japanese battle ships, driving the main streets around Tokyo's Imperial Palace, blasting out recordings of patriotic songs at high volume. Banned from all annual military reviews, gatherings of war veterans and conservative political assemblies, arrogantly strutting about in their blue jumpsuit uniforms, Japan's right-wing activists are laughed off by most Japanese as a bizarre fringe. Yet their numbers are growing, and more than a few Japanese political observers are fearful that these groups could provide a springboard for a revival of right-wing militarism similar to the one that led Japan to war against the West almost 60 years ago.

Asian experts have long been concerned that the growth of Japan into an industrial superpower might necessitate

rekindled nationalist feelings which have been buried since the end of the Second World War. Those fears were given some basis after nationwide elections

Mishima (above), rightist Akiro Hirasawa, after attempted suicide; clique of samurai



this October showed that the right-wing revival was under way. Although poor election strategy forced the ruling conservative Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) to lose seats, the party's popular vote jumped from 42 per cent to 45 per cent. Candidates from the far right did especially well.

Violent actions by Japan's radical right have been steadily increasing. The most spectacular was carried out by Tetsuo Mishima, one of Japan's leading nationalists who led the 1979 rightist takeover of Japanese military headquarters in Tokyo and committed *ban-kari* after troops joined his orders for a military coup.

The past few years have seen several Molotov cocktail attacks by rightists on meetings by Nikkyoso, Japan's left-wing national teachers union. In 1977 a rightist group held hostages in the headquarters of the Japanese Federation of Kommunist Organizations (Kokkai-dansetsu) until a statement on their political philosophy was published. Rightist attacks against the Soviet embassy in Tokyo have been so frequent that a permanent contingency of riot police is now stationed in front of the building. Right-wing groups have been occupying a small island in the East China Sea's Senkaku Island group to discourage China from pressing its claim to these islands. When radical leftists invaded and destroyed the nuclear tower at Tokyo's Narita Airport last year, rightist rightists rushed out in force to do battle, but were prevented from fighting by the police.

Rightist thought in Japan is as old as the 2,000-year-old samurai system. The present movement can be traced back to a clique of samurai, led by one Tokimune Raigo, who were unhappy with the influence of European and American "barbarians" in Japan, especially with the new Western-style *paikansetsu*'s erosion of the power of the emperor. Raigo committed suicide with 400 of his last supporters after losing a rebellion he led in 1877.

Right-wing terrorists have existed in Japan for most of the 20th century, assassinating several prime ministers and cabinet members, and instigating a number of coups. In the early 1930s their sympathizers in the military establishment successfully engineered an expansionist policy in China which ultimately led Japan into the Second World War.

One group of pro-emperor diehards went underground during the US military occupation, but a second right-wing group arose that was primarily anti-Communist in character. This faction of rightists is thought to have been



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## Frontlines

heavily financed by the Central Intelligence Agency during the 1950s and 60s. It also maintained ties with the country's major underground organizations, and today includes several members of the Japanese Diet (parliament).

Above all, this modern group of rightists wants to increase Japanese military strength. It wants military spending to be increased from the present 1.5 percent of the gross national product to three per cent or more, and wants Japan to develop its own nuclear arsenal. It also demands the immediate return of islands seized by the Soviet Union at the end of the Second World War, and regards China with suspicion.

Fuehling these ideas are some of the most colorful political figures in Japan. One is Nobunshi Kishi, the last surviving member of General Tojo's wartime cabinet and a former "Class A" war criminal. Kishi has played a pivotal role in Japan's relations with Taiwan and South Korea and has been implicated in the Lockheed payoff scandal that brought down the government of former prime minister Kakuei Tanaka in 1974.

Another is Ryueichi Sankawa, who uses his income from his bicycle- and boat-racing gambling monopolies to finance more than 200 right-wing groups. A former bureaucrat in the Japanese administration of Manchuria, today he claims the allegiance of a "private army" of eight million martial artists. Also a former "Class A" war criminal, he shared a prison cell with Kishi during the U.S. occupation.

Ichiro Nakagawa is leader of a 20-member faction in the Diet known as the Blue Stern Society. An ex-farmer from the northern island of Hokkaido, he was appointed agricultural minister by former prime minister Takao Fukuda. Nakagawa currently represents the rightists' best chance of gaining power. He was one of the moving forces behind their latest legislative success, the official institutionalization of the Gengo calendar, which is based on imperial eras and counts calendar years from the first year of an emperor's reign. Although the system has been obsolete in Japan since the beginning of recorded history, legal recognition was a major victory for rightists.

Observers agree that a rightist takeover of the government, or even a militarist revival in Japan, might be conceivable, but only if the nation's armed forces are beefed up. For the present, however, Japan's political balance and the small size of the military relative that prospect to the domain of either speculation or nostalgic yearning, depending on one's political stripes. ☐

# The spirit of Christmas present.



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# Shatner keeps on trekkin'

By Marsha Boulton

In the minds of 10 American prisoners of war, their Vietnam captors were actually "Klengans," the No. 1 enemy of the United Federation of Planets in the 23rd century. For 2½ northern years, the captives immersed themselves in a survival tactic they called "the Star Trek game." Whether sated in frigid water up to their chins or tied with rawhide in fetal positions, they fought the pain by adopting the personas of the crew of the Starship Enterprise. "We came from different places all over the United States and we had nothing in common except our love of Star Trek," explained one of the returned veterans. "It was the only thing that kept us sane." When William Shatner heard that, he broke down and cried.

Shatner met that "Trek vet" more than two years ago, while mulling over an offer to re-create his role from the TV series *Star Trek*—as starfleet Commander James T. Kirk—on a bigger screen, in *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*. The three-year, 16-episode series had been the biggest "event" in the Montreal-born actor's career, and its success in television is legend. Today, Shatner is still being greeted on the street as Captain Kirk, and every day at some house, or television set, he sees one of 60 countries, the familiar introduction, "Space, the final frontier," greets its settling waves among the faithful. Immediately after the series was can-



Shatner, with *'Star Trek'* co-star Persis Khambatta, a fanz on somebody's chest

celled in 1969, groups of "Trekkers" began forming, and over the ensuing decade their ranks swelled to include a second generation. Now there are 771 fan clubs, 629 fan publications and more than 50 books devoted to perpetuating

what has become known as the "phenomenon." Trekkie conventions have attracted up to 20,000 devotees and merchandisers have learned that anything remotely resembling a Vulcan salute will sell like hotcakes.

Shatner wailed at the prospect of a regeneration on the big screen, worried about typesetting and about the message of time which make him, at 45, less than the epitomes of mid-20s virility that Captain Kirk had been. Yet the realization that *Star Trek's* sci-fi world of "brooders," "jokers" and "wags" had been "real" enough to keep 10 grown men sane through 2½ years of agony etched his decision. "If it could have that effect, it was worth anything," he says.

When *Star Trek* began on Sept. 8, 1966, man had yet to walk on the moon. Each episode looked into the future with a wide-eyed optimism that was disappearing in the real world. The dark horror of Vietnam was bleeding into social consciousness. Richard Nixon was plotting his course toward the presidency. There was violence in the streets and tensions in the Middle East. But in the 23rd century, life wasn't so bad. Man had survived 200 years without self-destructing, adventures followed the pursuit of knowledge and good triumphed over evil as a



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## Frontlines

weekly basis. It was a superb formula for TV success.

The formula returns this month when *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* opens amid \$5 million worth of hype. It is the most expensive motion picture event, with a budget estimated at \$50 million and a mandate to go boldly where no TV show has gone before. All of the original crew members have regrouped on the starship bridge, including Shatner, Leonard Nimoy (Mr. Spock), DeForest Kelly (Leonard "Bones" McCoy), James Doohan (Engineering Officer Montgomery Scott), George Takei (Mr. Sulu), Walter Koenig (Ilia's Chekov) and Nichelle Nichols (Lieutenant Uhura).

But at the centre of the production is the overriding authority of the ship's captain, a man of steely nerves, strong moral sense and decisive action. Will these virtues still sell? Will the movie sell William Shatner? Shatner dares to be swatting the public's verdict on the film with an "unapologetically loud" attitude. In fact, he is hoping that it will be the "big break" that has loomed on the horizon since he first went to Hollywood in 1958 to play a starring role in *The Brothers Karamazov* with Yul Brynner, Claire Bloom and Lee J. Cobb. He had grown up in Montreal and graduated from McGill University with a bachelor of commerce degree which his parents had insisted upon. But he quickly gravitated to the theatre, first as an administrator and finally as an actor in experimental theatre, with summers spent at the Stratford Festival under the guiding hand of Tyrone Guthrie.

If science fiction is the contemporary fairy tale and 20th-century modernity play that it appears to be, then James Tiberius Kirk is a perfect hero. He is a futuristic version of C.S. Forester's blustering seaman Horatio Hornblower, with a touch of Matt Dillon's Gunsmoke swagger. The young Klingons find him to be an "overbearing, inflated dictator with delusions of grandeur." William Shatner is willing to settle for "benevolent dictator."

"Whether I like it or not *Star Trek* is a big part of our history, and I had a great deal to do with this legendary thing," he says. As Kirk he appeared in every episode of *Star Trek* and was on the screen 98 per cent of the time. That small impact made Shatner/Kirk the most popular of the crew among viewers, rivalled only by Leonard Nimoy's green-blooded, pointy-eared Vulcan, Spock.

But by the time the series folded, Shatner's world was crumbling. He had earned about \$20,000 for the three years' work, not an exorbitant amount



Maya Khouri: Age 1000. Future grin. Family shares house with livestock. Sleeps on mats on the floor. Inherits part eleven dollars a month. Diet poor. Schooling non-existent.

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dreams her dreams must end. Her hopes are gone, the escape routes are closed. Despite all their labors, Maya and her family can't make dreams come true. If only someone here in Canada cared! If someone was willing to share a child's dream, what a difference it could make to little Maya's life!

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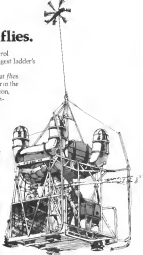
Thirty stories up, a fire rages out of control. Dozens are trapped beyond even the longest ladder's reach. But not beyond hope.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



by Hollywood standards. It had quickly disappeared in loans, agents' fees and a divorce from his first wife, Gloria Rand. As Captain Kirk, Shatner had been able to order a 100,000-ton starship to warp speeds far beyond the speed of light, but in real life he found himself "visibly shaking" when he had to take an airplane. It wasn't just that he was alone with three young daughters in support, a nervous collapse was weakening him, especially his memory. "There's a five-year period that I really don't remember," he says. "I meet people and have no recollection of their faces. There are women I knew and had loving relationships with, who I have completely forgotten." But since then he has married Mary McCormack, and has a permanent home with his three daughters in Los Angeles (Kirk remained a bachelor).

"Somebody once said that if the business practices practised in the movie industry were practised in any other industry, people would be put behind bars for grand larceny," says Shatner ruefully, when asked about the percentage of the original series that he still owns. Shatner can't explain it, but for 18 years Paramount has been declaring *Star*

*Trek* as a loss despite its continual success in reruns. However, when he was approached by the same company to do the motion picture, Shatner found them "quite generous."

Still, there was risk involved in the movie. In the beginning the studio had only an idea that they should somehow cash in on the enormous popularity of the series. In 1976, they asked Shatner to re-visit his Kirk role for a \$5- or \$6-million movie. "First," said Shatner. But it wasn't that easy to get the other crew members. Only at the last minute, after countless scripts and false starts, did Leonard Nimoy agree to learn aboard. Shatner blames Nimoy's hesitation largely on the cars he wears for the part, "because of their alleged inflammability," and because they left Nimoy with permanent scars after three years.

On the subject of health, Shatner, a lean 150 pounds of muscle on a five-foot-11 frame, is frustrated. He talks as though he had discovered the fountain of youth in television and exercise. "Geezer," he says matter-of-factly, "is caused by what we ingest and by what we associate with in our environment." Last year he met a 116-year-old

Dr. Ernst Wynder, director of the American Health Foundation. The two of them "clicked" at a dinner party. Shatner is now the spokesman for the foundation's *Know Your Body* program, which is aimed at shaping up youngsters.

By Christmas, William Shatner will know whether *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* will open doors that have been half-closed to him before. In the meantime, he has completed work on *The Kidnapping of the President*, a \$15-million Canadian feature in which he plays a secret service agent who saves the day.

Whether or not the phenomenon of *Star Trek* can hold the attention of an '80s audience remains to be proven. Science fiction has moved closer to reality in the '70s and audiences have been barraged with intergalactic horrors. But among Trekkies there is already talk of a sequel.

William Shatner, with his apron open, is ready to face with whatever happens. The other day he saw a young woman wearing a Captain Kirk T-shirt. "It's a bizarre feeling," he laughs, "to see your face on somebody's chest. Juggling." ♦



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Mr. Michael Morrison (photographed in Scotland)

## Frontlines Settling in — under straw

In England Mike Dawson would be a wealthy man. In Canada he's anything but. Dawson is a professional Thatcher who has decided to go for broke to convince Canadians that a thatched roof isn't only the most beautiful roof in the world—it's also the most practical.

The 30-year-old Ottawa-born Thatcher (with the financial help of a bank loan and the physical help of a professional Thatcher from England) is building a two-story log house, 20 miles south of Ottawa. "I want to do the finest roof a man can make and this is it," says Dawson with pride.

His roof, which looks like soft sculpture, is as practical as it is awesome. Made of hand-thatched wheat straw, it will last some 40 years, 20 years longer than a standard shingle or asphalt roof. At least a foot thick, it provides its own insulation—thatched roofs have been used for centuries in Siberia—and rarely needs repairs. And it's not even a fire hazard. "It's so tightly packed there's no chance of flames spreading," says Dawson.

After spending 2½ years in England learning the trade, Dawson went to work for a conventional roofing company in Ottawa two years ago. But the dream of thatching was never far away. He eventually persuaded master Thatcher Adria Ward to come from England for a month-long trial period. Starting last June, with the help of two log-house craftsmen from Ottawa, he began to work. The demonstration house has cost \$300,000 so far, and Dawson estimates that the finished building will cost double that amount.

About 1,000 potential homeowners have trickled to the log house lot, as yet, there have been no offers to buy—or even to have a thatched roof built in sight of the advantages of bedding down under straw. Initial calls are high, which Dawson says explains the reluctance. His straw handwork costs \$250 per 100 square feet of roof area—between \$10,000 and \$15,000 a roof. That's about eight times more than the average asphalt or shingle roof costs, according to Dawson.

The money from the bank loan has run out. Adria Ward is returning to England for steady employment and Dawson's house remains an unfinished dream. But Canada's lone Thatcher is still convinced that there's still work in time. **Merlyn Brand**

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sealing in the natural juices. In a way, the Braun Convection Oven is a sous-chef in reverse. It turns the heat, instead of the meat.

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harmony because our people sanction them. It is the system which has not sanctioned the penitentiaries.

CHIEF ANDREW T. DELISLE,  
(COMPELLED BY INDUCE OF QUEBEC,  
CANNONWALLS QUR

I am appalled and ashamed that Greenpeace is a Canadian organisation (The

**Pail K&E**, Oct. 1991 Canada is one of the greatest hunting grounds on earth, a fact for which we are envied around the world. The idea that any sportsman is permitted to be openly harassed while attempting to engage in an authorized hunt is supposedly carefully administered land is impossible to see. If the B.C. Parks Division people feel that they are not able to properly

Your article *South Coast Is Going to Town* (Oct. 1) disregarded economic development in the Yukon as being one of the possible benefits from the Alaska Highway pipeline. It mentioned only the benefits of economic development in the Yukon. It said nothing about the quality of life here. Many people are happy with the way life is here now. We don't need a pipeline or hydroelectric dams. We love the Yukon for what it is. Is it asking too much to be left alone?

LARRY HUBER, DAWSON CITY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

**Rules and regulations** What a sharp Barbara Aronow! (*The Salvation of Canadian Society May Be in Taking Our Clothes Off in Public*, Nov. 5.) She has devised a means of defying the makers of myriad, meaningless mandates. She has asked for volunteers with the brains to perceive the pettiness and the bodies to protest by stripping. The need

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to My Editor, Maclean's magazine, 181 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A7.

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# Gifted Gift Giver's Gifts.

Some people have the knack of giving gifts. The gift they choose always seems to be just right for the person and the occasion. They are truly gifted gift givers. And this knack of giving the right gift can be as simple as knowing about Philips personal care products and Philips small appliances. They not only give pleasure when they are received, they give pleasure long afterwards while they are being used. Small wonder that they are so often the gifts that gifted gift givers give.



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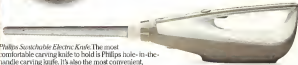
**Philips Coffee Maker:** Imagine making the perfect cup of coffee everytime. That's what you get with a Philips Coffee Maker. Its Dial-a-Brew basket lets you select the perfect strength. And the money saving Mini-Basket lets you make perfect coffee in smaller amounts.



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## Frontlines

should streak. Negate sagatory regulation. The cradly of nudity will add credulity. I rally to her cause. I will have arms, and she can have my slightly shrunken brain. As for the rest of the stripping, I believe I should have my varicose veins striped first, my biceps repaired and oiled for warmer weather in the spring. But I'm enthusiastic.

DR. J.T. BOSE, NEW LONDON, CONN.

## Let them eat cheesecake

I was displeased on seeing in your Oct. 29 issue that a letter of mine had been published without the last sentence. I can see where an editor may have misunderstood a subtlety, however. I think you can easily see that the deletion has altered the meaning somewhat. I write: "Regarding a number of complaints claiming that the preponderance of fact in Maclean's is inappropriate in a news publication, I must take exception to this selfish criticism. Don't let Maclean's be spoiled for the rest of us. If they want news, let them read a newspaper."

LARRY GOODMAN, SEATTLE, WASH.

## A somewhat freer press

Contrary to your correspondent's statement in the article *The President's Dismalight* (Oct. 22), the president-general director of the Agency France-Press (AFP), is not "appointed" by the government. He is elected every three years by the 15-member board of directors, of whom only three are appointed by the government due to important contracts various public services have with the agency. The overwhelming majority of the board is made up of publishers of French newspapers. The charter of the AFP, sanctioned by a law passed by the French parliament, provides for its independence.

ANDRÉE MERLING, AGENCE FRANCE PRESSE, MONTREAL

## A hanging offence

I noted in your article *Chaplin's Risky* (Oct. 22) that lawyer Italy defended against MacLean & MacLean who were charged with singing the dirty *De Your Risky Man* song as a stage in Algonquin District. I might note that this was one of our marching songs in the First World War and helped to keep our spirits up. At that time our enemy was the Hun. Apparently some 68 years later our enemy is a small-minded part of the Canadian public. From time to time I have heard this song to myself and chuckled inwardly. I am glad to see that this dirty amuse others.

SYDNEY ROSSWELL, GEMSBY, ONT.



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## Frontlines

# Happy to be just one of the crowd

Ever since the movies came to Toronto in a big way, thousands of ordinary people have fessed that they don't have to be superstars to strut before the camera. The opposite is more likely to be true: the more "ordinary" you look, the better your chances of working as an "extra" with the likes of Richard Burton or Ann-Margret. This month, the legendary John Huston has been shooting directions to "eminent actors" of all shapes and ages who are playing loopy from office, factory or school to be on the set of *Pittacus*.

"The person doesn't exist who can't be an extra in some movie," declares Peter Lavender, king of the rule, whose Film Extra Services has provided the human landscape for 32 feature films. With his wife, Eleanor, Lavender runs the largest of the city's several

Toronto extras in *The Kidnapping of the President*: the more 'ordinary' the better



toronto extras in *The Kidnapping of the President*: the more 'ordinary' the better

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## Frontlines

cutting services, providing extras with "the Texas look" for Middle-Age Crosby or the right number of blacks or Gracelands for movies set in American cities.

"But neither age nor looks will keep you off the screen," insists Lansender, a former actor and agent. "This summer, I lined a 94-year-old man and his 91-year-old wife for the scenes in *Q&A* Four Mockers, the Milton Berle comedy set in an old folks home. About 70 per cent of the time, though, the work is for men and women between 20 and 50—the people you'd pass in the street or see in offices and restaurants."

For some extras the money is far more important than the "glamour" or even the chance of getting near the stars. "I've not been acting much—I'm doing it mostly for the money," admits 18-year-old David Houston, who cut school to play a restaurant scene with Tatum O'Neal. "It goes really boring unless you're in a small group. That way you can get a chance to fool around with the star." As a "general extra" in crowd scenes, David earns \$5 to \$5 an hour, though if the scene has fewer than 25 extras, the season minimum is \$40.00 per day.

But more often than not, the money is irrelevant. Marguerite Gagnon, also of Toronto, has been in 20 films in two years and she turns out "even for something drastic, like the crowd scene in *The Kidnapping of the President* in city hall square. It doesn't pay—I work as an office temporary so I can drop work when I'm needed—but I want to get into show business so I don't care what the scene, or what the pay is."

Henry Hoelridge sacrifices his vacation time to work as an extra. "I use two weeks of my holidays each year for movies. In December, I can drive on next year's vacation and this time, I'm going to be very serious." He grins. "After all, I've been trying to become a star for 30 years."

Even when stardom isn't the ambition, an extra's life can be seductive. "I started on a whim," admits Fred Rubin, a 66-year-old retired businessman, "but now, though I've no acting background at all, I'm serious about it. I feel like an actor. My family says maybe I should get lodged at the nursing club they ask for my autograph."

But for Sylvia Hall, who works as a "special business extra," which means more money and more time on the screen, being an extra is "a wonderful life for a woman who's reached 60 and hasn't long to go. I meet people like Gene Wilder and John Huston. It's not only a different world I've entered but a new career—at my age!" ♦



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# AIR CANADA





## A world in the path of giants

By Fouad Ajami

There is a deep and tragic irony in the current adulation of Iran—and of the Middle East as a whole. It is not so long since the United States was seen as a source of hope and the rejection of the American presence today, which goes much further afield than the frontier of Iran, was born out of these high expectations. One of the principal demands by Great Britain when it intervened on the side of the Iranian court in the summer of 1911 was the demarcation of the U.S. interests who were supporting the constitutionalists. Four decades later, as European colonization in the Arab world was dismantled, the hope was that the U.S. unencumbered by a colonial past, would forge a new relationship with the rising social forces, accepting the logic of a Third World nationalism to which the Europeans had found it so difficult to adjust. The United States observes an Egyptian journalist who has since become a celebrated critic that were "an aura of success and glamour shrouding above his tarnished feature of the old imperialists."

But events took a different turn and the U.S. clashed first in 1953 with Mohammed Mossadeq, who took power after the shah was overthrown only to see him replaced by the CIA and then with Gamal Abdel Nasser in Egypt. Then the U.S. opted for the old order—and it did so in an Arab world where attitudes were further complicated by Washington's identification with Israel. The pattern held until the October War in 1973. After it, the dominant rulers of the Middle East—the shah in Iran, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and the Saudi Arabian royal family—courted the American presence. President in their search for unity by their enemies, tempted by their new wealth and lured by the prospect of economic and cultural benefits which the United States offered a people whose existence was outside. Modern Easterners invited Americans into their midst.

It was an invitation sought after by President Richard Nixon and his secretary of state, Henry Kissinger. Invited into Saudi Arabia but anxious to show there were not few winners for the exercise of American power. But the new American mission was bound to create trouble—for the regimes that invited it and for the U.S. itself. In both the Arab states and Iran, talk about Muslim authenticity and the birth of a new age of rationalist power was clearly at odds with the pervasive American presence.

And America of day, a self-cleansing and a safe distance from the rest of the world.



AP/WIDE WORLD

For there was deep ambivalence about the superpower that came from afar, painfully established by events at the U.S. embassy in Tehran which in less than 18 months of turmoil was first besieged by Iranian students who to settle in the United States and only later by students and advisers who saw it as the embodiment of evil. The Muslim world lies in the path of giants. This has been its predicament and its essential condition. It is the fate of those who are thus affected to alternate between waves of surrender and bursts of rebellion whose aim is self-cleansing and the creation of a safe distance between Muslims and the rest of the world. Khomenei's plan and simple words, the wish of the Muslim world toward its own "savior."

by and vulnerability to that distant power which has come to symbolize both the glitter of the non-Muslim world and its threat. It may surprise Americans to know that there was in the Middle East had not strayed to fundamentalist upheaval. But it is the residual hatred of Iran to the ideological void left by the failure of secular ideologists to supply authority when the political order has failed to do so and the slide into chaos in the light of the present threat posed by American military might, to reassure men and women that the ground they stand on is firm.

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President Iran, the U.S. and the world, carried the Shah Pahlavi in the West, and carriers Mubarak and Kiki took to the south.

Chomsky, feel betrayed by the unfilled promise of his Westernized advisers such as Gorbachev that a new Islamic Iran would be a regime of reason and democratic liberalism. Part of that misunderstanding comes from the fact that then, as now, the ayatollah spoke in riddles. As a revolutionary court spokesman in Qum acknowledges: "Our principal problem is the constant interpretation we must make of the Imam's words. Everyone understands it his own way and that creates many scattered centers of dissent." Recently deposed foreign minister Abolhasan Banisadr, who was earlier preparing to pack for the United Nations before being informed his trip was cancelled, seems to have fallen into that quagmire.

But the major reason behind the West's shock may truly be a difference in vocabulary—created not so much by language as by two seemingly unresolvable sets of values. As Khomenei made clear when Fallick attacked him as undemocratic, democracy to him was merely a semantic cover for an underlying change for the United States, another for the Soviet Union. "The word Islam does not need adjectives such as democratic," he said "Islam encompasses all."

Given that embracing world view, the perspective shifts from present-day headlines to the 1,600-year history of outrage and persecution that has plagued Islam's minority Shia sect since the Prophet died without appoint-

ing an heir. Without him, the country could well plunge into anarchy and, eventually, even more tragic civil war between youthful Muslims and the Moslems.

Khomenei crystallizes a half-century of Iran's pent-up rage at the excesses of the shah's Pahlavi dynasty. But that work, as Carter settles in over his bedtime reading—a thin, green-covered, state department pamphlet entitled *Ayatollah Khomeini* of Iran, His Personality and Political Behavior—it becomes clear that, in the 11 months since the frail 79-year-old toppled one of the world's most assembly armed tyrants with nothing more than the righteous fire of his rhetoric, he remains as much of an enigma as ever to the West.

On the one hand, London's *Daily Telegraph* denounces him as a "mad, vindictive old man." On the other, American analysts portray him as a maligned tactician who engineered the Islamic taking to divert Iran from gathering economic chaos and strip it in support of Mondy's referendum for his new Islamic constitution. The truth may lie somewhere between these extremes. For a "mad madman," Khomenei has shown astonishing facility in his interviews, and even the belated Fallick came away confessing: "It was the first time that I have ever felt charisma."

Again, for a supposed case of senility—accused of dragging Iran pell-mell back to the Dark Ages—Khomenei has shown remarkable savvy in managing the manufacture of the Western progress which he accuses. His recorded calls to holy arms from exile in an apple orchard outside Paris spread through Iran as a tape-recorder tele-

phone network which even the dead Shah was unable to frustrate. Now, when he moves from Qum, he rises over the Iranian skyline with the locust power of helicopter blades and, turning the traditional hypocrisy of international diplomacy, has taken to communicating with Carter through the speaker channel of TV interviews, occasionally bumping up correspondents for another who claims higher status.

American journalists who sat awestruck at his endless feet in Neauphle-le-

Khomeini in France, a double-sided sword



AP/WIDE WORLD

## What ails the shah?

The procedure is so simple that Dr. Josi Shiri Barnea, the angiologist, who flew from New York last week to conduct a gall-bladder biopsy on the shah's bile duct, insists that it should not be mistaken as an open operation. Usually performed on outpatients without anesthesia or subsequent antibiotic treatment, and a patient of any of the 300 hospitals in the United States and Canada which used the technique would report a fee \$250. Barnea himself insists that out-of-town patients whose doctors can't do the procedure themselves must send their patients to him at Vancouver General Hospital's radiology department, which he heads, rather than have him travel to them.

Barnea and surgical assistant: fit to serve



ing a successor in 692. Regarding themselves as descendants of Ali, Muhammad's son-in-law who was passed over as caliph, they stashed in office (he was his two sons Hassan and Husain) the shah's reaction as wary, a religious memory that drew before them they wore a distrust of authority and foreigners into their traditions and made the intrinsic sense of martyrdom into a sacred virtue.

If Khomeini is seen as an unresolvable fanatic now by the West, it is a fanaticism that ought not to cause surprise. Fueled by the ancient recollections of his Shiite faith, his life has been a 70-year testimony of unrelenting opposition to the shah and his regime.

Born Reza Khatami in the central Iranian village of Khomein, his father, he eventually took his name, his father, an ayatollah before him, was killed while opposing civic authoritarianism.

That would have been impossible in the case of the shah, however, because of his own far-reaching medical problems, says Barnea.

The problems according to other sources were challenges on information of the bile duct which frequently allows surgery for the removal of gallstones (Barnea usually takes patients with cholecystitis brought to him for treatment) and with effects from the radiation which the shah reportedly received for a malignant lymph node tumor in New York. The operation went smoothly enough into the chest leading to the bile duct. Barnea insists that a self-declared capitalist of his own design (he organized the stone removal in 1972) A minute was taken, fragmented the gallstone left behind during earlier surgery and it was removed. The procedure took longer than the usual 20 minutes but Barnea was satisfied to return home in 48 hours when a cyst confirmed the bile duct was clear.

In Ottawa, there was a mixture of a different sort as Pierre Trudeau came to life in the Commons over the hostage issue, giving the government to take a leadership role in the assault took Prime Minister Joe Clark by surprise and clearly annoyed External Affairs Minister Flavia MacDonald, who accused the departing Liberal leader of "grandstanding." She nevertheless made sure the press knew of what he was doing with his subordinates, but he was not speaking "coastal" when she avoided Canada's common belief in a violation of democratic rights, and claimed for Canada that she was a responsibility for the statement by Commonwealth high commissioners in London against release of the hostages and criticizing their actions.

MacDonald also told the Commons external affairs committee that William B. Eaves, Canada's ambassador to the U.S., was busy talking to members of the Security Council in preparation for its upcoming meeting. And external affairs sources say Canada's ambassador in Tehran, Ken Taylor, has been pushing the Iranian government to release the hostages and the government has made similar representations to the Iranian embassy in Ottawa. Trudeau evidently thought parliamentary resolutions and ambassadorial visits were not enough. He wanted the major world-leader countries to speak as one and he believed countries might be less worried about their of supplies to do so in a suggestion which Ottawa repeatedly denied was a factor in Canada's silence. The limits on Canada in this case, he told his weekly news conference, are the limits on Canada in any case. We are putting all of our influence to work. ◇

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were believed to have been agents of Reza Shah the Great, the shah's own father. In the years which followed, as he grew from a militant young theological student to a purveyor of Iran's 30 million Shiite Muslims, he was nourished by his prayer and the better heritage of his faith.

His opposition never faltered and, in 1963, guided by the shah's "white revolution" which stripped the nobles of further influence, as well as land holdings, he was the only one of Iran's six great revolutionaries who did not compromise his faith in the face of the army's Moslem veterans in the Soviet Union (he was to submit himself to his exile in Turkey and, later, for nearly 10 years in Iraq).

When his oldest son Mostafaez died there, reportedly of a heart attack, his followers blamed the perfidious long arm of the shah and the new wound fest-

tered with the old. It was the shah's decision to send him with an army to plant in a Tehran journal two years ago that set off the riots which eventually ousted him meekly.

Americans' surprise at his violent reaction when they belatedly embraced his old enemy that fall may only be taken as evidence that they had been listening to his warnings. Nearly a month before the hostage-taking, he disavowed himself from a revolutionist to murder the shah abroad. "I want him here, here," he trembled.

The removal of his 11-month detention of Iran's 30 million Shiite Muslims as the moral cause that verified in the wake of a man who had never claimed administrative skills. The screams of his Iraq exile bruised with evidence of his sentiments toward Israel—"I was not very happy, Islam has been affected by Jews"—the commitment of

the Iranian and of his particular revolution for Americans. As recently as last March, when he withdrew to Qum to make way for Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan's government, he warned Elio Ruscina of Le Monde, "We are going to destroy the vestiges of the West, which ruled us."

Those who embraced the idea of a religiousocracy in the new constitution do not understand that the supreme veto power of the nobles is an ancient and integral concept of Islamic where, in theory, there is no distinction between sacred and secular power. Indeed, as Bazargan discovered when he resigned, complaining of the ayatollah's interference, to quibble with the word of Allah's temporal shah was to question the word of the Koran.

To some Islamic radicals, the most fascinating—and frightening—thing in Iran has been the transformation of a black turbaned ayatollah into a virtually defunct "Imam." There have been no more for nearly 1,000 years. The 12th and last—successor to Ali, Hassan and Husain—vanished mysteriously and Shiite Muslims have always believed that the 12th "hidden" Imam would one day reappear as a long-awaited messiah to usher in a new Islamic age. Khomeini has not claimed the title. "I cry, I laugh, I suffer," he defended himself against Falah, with shakings of his head. "Do you think I'm not a human being?" But he has not refused further and in 1979 accepted the shah's request to take his place as the shah's successor. He has opened the way to his own martyrdom, for like all saints he must die to claim his victory. When Khomeini rumormongers that death holds no sting for him, he may in fact be reviving it—not merely in the tradition of Shiite martyrdom—but as the final shah destined to put him on a par with Muhammad and the United States' firing of its military missiles could well play into that design.

Indeed, some observers feel that understanding Khomeini's thrust for martyrdom may help Jimmy Carter too better than any psychological biography why he has not yet been able to win a tactical advantage from the man who holds America in reverential awe. The seeking of extraordinary convictions will not work against a person who regards himself as the voice of divine righteousness, and it is seldom possible to negotiate with someone who fears nothing—ever death itself.

In the streets of Tehran, Khomeini's foot soldiers look like in any best themselves into trance-like joy. But each blow of the luck only makes it clearer that the score from the sword game play which pits Iran against the Occident will long outlast the wounds of death. ◇

## World

# Indira's bandwagon is rolling again

"It is better to be kicked by a cow than to give milk to one that does not." That sagacious explanation, given by an Indian for his decision to vote for Indira Gandhi in January's general election, was thrown into sharp relief last week by two new defections from Prime Minister Charan Singh's government and the resignation of the Communist party's chairman for 17 years, Shripad Amrit Dange.

Dange, 80, and a party founder, quit because of a corrupt motion over remarks he made congratulating former Finance minister H. D. Dholakia for joining Gandhi's Congress-I (for Indira) party last month. The two latest defections from the Singh government were Industry Minister Bhikamunda Bandy and a junior minister Atmendra Prasad. Both are likely to keep aboard Gandhi's bandwagon.

From supreme power, to disgrace, to supreme power made three years—a month before polling, that seems a distant possibility for Gandhi, 62, as Indians agree that what their country needs is strong and effective government. Corporations are being driven between the progress and efficiency of

Gandhi's previous terms and the drift first under Morarji Deas's drizzled Janata party, and latterly under Singh's equally ineffectual coalition. The excesses of Gandhi's emergency rule need to be forgotten or brushed aside and she knows it. Last weekend she promised that her first task if returned to power would be to bring back those twin hated symbols of her previous incarceration, order and stability.

It is still not clear that Gandhi's India Congress party will, by itself, be able to command an absolute majority in the Lok Sabha (lower house of parliament). Sources close to her say privately that she expects to win only about 330 out of 542 seats, meaning that she would need a pact with some other group. But there are very early days. India's parties are currently forming sudden alliances with little warning, and dissolving them with even less. And there's still the possibility that an electoral wind may spring up—it usually does in India—and push Gandhi or her main rival, Jagjivan Ram, to a clear victory. The issue could be peace, or personalization, or a crisis.

One thing seems certain, however: Singh, 77, who fulfilled his lifelong sen-

Gandhi at rally: from disgrace to power?



before by becoming prime minister in July, will be leaving the official residence shortly after the results are in. His Lok Dal (People's party) has supporters in the north but is almost nonexistent in the south, and his election meetings have been notable for an overwhelming number of empty seats.

Jagjivan Ram, 72, is an unimpeachable one of those Mahatma Gandhi christened "Haryans—a child of God." In the course of his fight up the Indian political ladder, he has also become one of the richest men in the country. But on these occasions, the powerplay has eluded him. Now he has another chance, and for the first time he leads a party. When Desai was ousted last, "Baba" was elected leader of the Janata. He took its 22 million Haryans with him for the first time, but he has the chance to vote on for their own into the country's top job.

In the past, they have tended to back Gandhi. So the former prime minister is likely to try to win them back into his camp by wooing Jagjivan Ram into a coalition. Indeed, he is the only politician with whom Gandhi will deal to negotiate. Others who want to join her, such as former finance minister Charan Singh, have to go across on her terms. "You can't help admiring Gandhi's leadership and his Western education. When the votes come in, I have a feeling that we'll be a long way ahead of where we all see her age."

Peter Nieswand

## Colombia

### Mother nature's double punch

The heavens opened for a month, then the ground shook for a minute. It was the worst time most Colombians could remember, with more than 300 killed and nearly 100,000 left homeless by flood and earthquake. The good news anyone could see out of November's double punch from Mother Nature came from the New York police to much of Colombia's marijuana harvest had been destroyed by rains that the consumer price had tripled. But for El Páramo, in Santander province, there was no comfort. A thundering wall of water from the Páramera River swept the village from the map in seconds, burying 250 inhabitants in mud and debris. Thirty more died on the north coast, where the swollen Magdalena River rolled through peasant hamlets. Near the water's end, only in Páramo, a poor district of Bogotá, giving anti-defense workers and troops just enough time to evacuate 30,000 residents from rooftops and other refuges. Last week refugees were loaded onto a



A Páramo natural resource: displaced towns.

tin or right to a mattress in schools, churches, fire stations and public buildings with the few belongings they threw into the rescue boats before jumping themselves. "A river came into the house," said five-year-old José Luis Rodríguez, "and the mothers took us out." Hana for José Luis, his 11-year-old sister Sandra and their parents is a corner of a classroom in La Aurora (freedom) school. They have been there 10 days and fled from volunteers say they may have to stay another 30 weeks or more. The rains were forecast to continue into mid-December, the floods were still rising and a long truck was in prospect to make the refugees' crumbly built houses habitable again.

The quake hit the western half of the country, ward, building apartment blocks and supermarkets in the coffee capitals of Pereira and Manizales (where reports said up to a third of this year's crop was destroyed, drenching rains, punching landslides through highland ridges and eroding bridges, power lines and roads. A student house, several churches (full of worshippers) and a hospital were among the shattered buildings. Desperate rescue efforts began immediately in five cities as police, firemen and neighbors dug to pick dark and heavy rains into crumbling ridges and battered houses for survivors. Fifty bodies have so far been found.

Colombia's shaky social services and relief organizations were stretched far beyond their resources. President Julio César Turbay Ayala planned an emergency decree putting all the agencies under a central national emergency commission, but inter-group rivalries, bureaucracy, incompetence and corruption have left tens of thousands of people

dependent on the church, public goodwill and foreign aid. West Germany and Canada were among the first to respond. Norman Millard of the Canadian embassy in Bogotá said last week 20,000 to 40,000 worth of the most desperately needed items were being distributed to some 60 families directly. Welcome as it was, that was little comfort to Colombia's tens of thousands of other shakily survivors.

Timothy Rase

### Campaigns cool as the crisis heats

Pledging the poor presidential candidates with rain hugging the headlines and their main ticket, President Jimmy Carter for the moment appear on television, the pick were going through the motions but work with little conviction or publicity. Many candidates were on the road marking time while their campaign committees used the breather for such worthy but unimpressive (to politicians) activities as lightning their campaign headquarters and having their portraits on the walls. Carter's campaign plans were pulled more than anyone's but he also gained the most political mileage. Since the floods were taken on Nov. 2, Carter had canceled five trips and last week he made do with his second riding tour, ending with Roosevelt, mother Mao Lillian, daughter-in-law Jerry and Vice President Walter Mondale's wife Joan to attend. Coffees for Carter in New Hampshire. This week Roosevelt was keeping the campaign going with appearances in several states, but he broke that too to have accompanied Carter's campaign in Wisconsin. The rain-mailed and flood-battered states were due to fill in for Carter on a kickoff land racing tour.

In fact, Carter had to put more than the

## U.S.A.

### Joan's painful comeback

By Rita Christopher

Although the intense national crisis in Iran put much of the election campaigning out of the headlines (though not out of action, as last week, it was still open season on Teddy Kennedy's checked private life. In a provocative article in *The Washington Post*, contributing editor Suzanne Lessor, convincingly argued that the embarrassing question of Kennedy's homosexuality should be "yanked" discussed as a legitimate issue in the campaign, "not respectfully ignored as an invasion of privacy—the usual formula with public figures."

Joan and Teddy at New York times watch a boxing eye to battle the election.



campaign on the back burner. Despite the fact that his wealth of profits tax bill was being hotly debated on the Senate floor, it was not even mentioned in a recent interview with Senator Russell Long, a key critic of the bill. And the White House postponed for 60 days a key decision in a new pipeline to transport Alaskan oil, possibly across Canada to the Midwest. Carter was nevertheless starting visible election work by having a mother-in-law as a delicate advance, while his opponents were

forced to limit their attacks to issues far from him—and public opinion. Senator Edward Kennedy himself aims to be camped and members of Carter's administration. He charged that the White House was keeping an "unholy list" of Kennedy supporters after Transportation Secretary Neil O'Donnell revealed that Chicago Mayor

Problems with Mrs. Lillian (left), Joan Kennedy, sister-in-law Judy, New Hampshire's Governor Hugh Golden, each battle

Jane Byrne (who favored Carter for a time but is now a Kennedy supporter) was unimpressed. Kennedy, however, had lost at a problem then were other contenders. At least his name is well-known.

For others, the situation is more critical. Republican candidate Philo Crane (who desperately needs exposure) got one mention in *The Washington Post* last week. He had lost a 19-year-old boy. The friends of Jerry Brown, Howard Baker and John Connally were included in the back pages of the national newspapers and selected interest-focused coverage.

Carter's has been miffed for some time because the media had largely ignored them in favor of Kennedy. At one point he wrote to volunteers and in CBS News to campaign. Last week, when he was in Iowa, all a staffer would say was: "At least he's getting good local coverage." Ronald Reagan, whose campaign staff were in a state of apoplexy because of resignations and reshuffles, told a newspaper that while the flood-blogs were released there would be little interest in his campaign or campaign-related attack. So the Iran crisis had its consequences for Carter. And as long as it continued he could be sure of the nation's full attention that there was little doubt that once it was over, his opponents would be making up for lost time and the campaign would be on again in earnest.

Catherine Fox



5

initially Kennedy's advisers had argued that in the usually liberalized 1970s, the candidate's notoriously roving eye might titillate the electorate but would cause no long-range political damage. But these calculations have proved far from correct. Rumors of Kennedy's indiscretions regularly continue to surface and, even more politically damaging, very direct questions are being asked about his two-year entanglement with his wife, Joan.

The couple's rare and obviously painful public appearances have done nothing to improve Kennedy's image as a

the University of Virginia, Joan never wash of an athlete, struggled through the regatta's golf, sailing and tennis lessons. But before she had time to enjoy her hard-won athletic skills, she faced new demands. At the age of 30, Teddy snatched into J.F.K.'s old Massachusetts Senate seat and soon, after 38, became one of the youngest political wives in Washington. She was also one of those most talked about: She made headlines for wearing a series of outfits ranging from the merely inappreciable to the downright bizarre.

Whether Joan's fashion tastes were

designed her younger son Patrick's chronic breathing problems as severe bronchial asthma. Under intense emotional stress, Joan signed herself into Silver Hill, a fashionable Connecticut psychiatric facility specializing in alcoholism.

It was one of three such establishments to which she had recourse up to 1976. By then, Teddy's name was appearing regularly in gossip columns linked to such long-stemmed beauties as New York socialite Amanda Burden, Stanford 101 heiress Patsy Lee Haffty and former Olympic skier Kay Chaffee. In addition, *The Washington Monthly* article charged Kennedy conducted numerous liaisons of another pattern: "The type of womanizing that Kennedy is associated with is a series of short involvements. Sometimes he hasn't even met the woman previously. She has been picked out by his cohorts as the type of woman who appeals to him and asked if she would like to have a 'date' with the senator." The idea was surely "lurid and a disservice."

On her own since 1976, Joan has worked for a master's degree in mass education at Lesley College and resumed the piano lessons she abandoned more than 20 years earlier. On weekends, her children regularly visited their mother's spacious apartment, but reunions with Teddy had become infrequent events, seemingly designed only to satisfy inquisitive reporters and photographers. "I don't know if we'll get back together," Joan admitted a little more than a year ago.

Now, however, she is being wheeled back into the political limelight to support her husband's presidential ambitions. When Teddy Kennedy stood on the platform at Boston's Faneuil Hall to declare his candidacy, his wife and children dutifully filled the background on the dais.

Reporters pressed the inevitable questions about his marriages and Kennedy invited his wife to the microphone to respond. She moved awkwardly forward like a grade-school child at a divided assembly performance. Her face was frozen into the tight little smile that masks so pretence of mirth. With evident discomfort, she proclaimed her joy at her husband's candidacy. But the most revealing comment on the subject was capsule.

After the Senator, Teddy shook hands with his two sons and kissed his daughter's cheek. He best kissed Joan but froze midway and then retreated. Teddy Kennedy, who had just proclaimed devotion, mutual "friendship," was clearly unsure whether the delicate personal truce that governs his long-distance marriage provided for anything as demonstrative as a kiss in public.

Rita Christy



changes of wedded bliss. One such occasion was last October's opening of the John F. Kennedy Library. Joan Kennedy sat surrounded by money, strong-armed Kennedy support, the festivity of a wedding with wedding energy. As always, she looked painfully uncomfortable, still wondering after 22 years of marriage how she had ended up among these tribal warriors. Only one other person, himself as interloper, seemed to sense her agony. Unseen to onlookers, he patted her hand and whispered something that caused Joan to relax into a wide smile. But it seemed sadly appropriate that her benefactor was her husband's arch political rival—Jimmy Carter.

Initially, it appeared that the blonde and beautiful Joan Bennett, a graduate of the exclusive Catholic College founded by Kennedy women, would fit right into her new husband's family. She received Jack Kennedy's seal of approval: he referred to her as "the girl," and repaid the compliment by working hard to acquire the competitive instinct so prized by his in-laws.

While Teddy finished high school at

Joan-to his open Teddy's headquarters on

nearby Caroline neighbors in the

spied by alcohol even at that early wine reception, Ted began to drink heavily after J.F.K.'s murder, though a protective press hushed up his indulgence. But after Chappaquiddick it was no longer possible to maintain discreet silence. Like the fire at the Albany governor's mansion, which revealed the late Nelson Rockefeller and his first wife, Mary, clambering down rescue ladders from bedrooms in different wings of the house, the plunge over the bridge made the strains on the Kennedy marriage a matter of public record.

A month after the accident, Joan suffered her third miscarriage. By 1971, she sought psychiatric treatment, explaining later "It is very easy to feel insecure when you marry into a very famous, intelligent, exciting family. From then on, my existence followed the roller-coaster fortunes of a soap opera. In 1973 her older son, Teddy, a victim of bone cancer, had his right leg amputated above the knee. And doctors

Can you look this man straight in the eye and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?



# Grown-up talk in kids' corner

By Susan Riley

**W**hen Ed Broadbent woke up May 28, his post-election view included 34 new members in his caucus and an average age that had dropped overnight from 49 to 37. Many of the newcomers looked like rehabilitated hippies with their trim beards, casual corduroy and collegiate airs, and Commons elders were quick to remember the NDP bleachers "kid-club corner." But some of the kids brought class education and a political cynicism that belied their youth. And, far from rattling party elders, they have enthusiastically fallen in behind Broadbent in hopes he will lead them, if not to power, to prominence as the official Opposition.

The New Democratic Party is still the official voice of the left in Canada. But these days it is a remarkably moderate voice. At a recent policy convention in Toronto—the largest in the party's history—most of the 1,400 delegates chose the middle road on controversial issues, fully endorsing Broadbent's pursuit of bottom-down respectability. There was spirited opposition from the so-called Left Caucus—an informal alliance of radical groups—but it was a far cry from the turbulent days of the distant Waffle factors when steadily blood transfused units were standard equipment at every party convention. Even more remarkable, it is almost impossible now to find any sniping at the party from the far left.



Part of caucus meeting, inside, Toronto, a Rhodes Scholar and ex-PPG Minister.

The new solidarity is most apparent within the 27-member federal caucus, although that doesn't mean there are not substantial differences between the young and the old. The new wing may be the legitimate offspring of Tommy Douglas, the CFP and the service-to-morale ethic, but there is also a lot more personal ambition (in the air) than used to be considered decent for democratic socialism. Some of the newcomers are simply too bright to be content to sit in opposition all their lives. Among the movers to watch:

● Bob Rae, 31, from the eastern Toronto riding of Broadview-Greenwood, is blonde, bright and witty—he was called Tommy's Bambi President. Since Clark's election the "Sixth Earl of Capitalism"—and especially media. Prime Minister after only one year in Ottawa, Rae is on the conservative side of most issues. Nonetheless he's Left Caucus delegate to the Toronto convention was an impressionable Liberal Rae is a "latter-day Tommy Douglas." He has a patristic background (his father was a diplomat), a Rhodes Scholarship, a law degree, a taste for tweed and fannels, and a rare and welcome gift—a sense of humor. "People accuse us of being self-righteous," says Rae. "I tell them we don't have power, we don't have

shame, we don't even have cabinet posts—at least they can leave us our self-righteousness."

● Bill Blaikie, 29, from Winnipeg-Bird's Hill, is physically enormous (six-foot seven-inches) and intellectually big for his age. His social-action work as a United Church minister in earth Winnipeg pushed the friendly giant to enter politics. He is heir to a long NDP tradition—the marriage of politics and the economy—although, he says, "the socialist is giving us a bad name right now." Nonetheless, Blaikie sees so-

cialism as a natural outgrowth of the Christian ethic.

● David (Bibi) Pease, 30, from Burnaby, B.C., looks like the tall, gangly kid at the back of the class whose arms are always too long for his clothes. But Robinson is no innocent. He held his first press conference—to plead the cause of a Chinese refugee—within weeks of arriving in Ottawa and was scoring rational headlines from the back benches within days of the opening of Parliament, assessing cabinet members of conflict of interest in the handling of a cabinet investigation in Western Canada. His business has turned of some of his colleagues, but Robinson learns fast and there are already signs he is thinking more before he speaks. Although he bristles at the corruption, Robinson is not unlike the Clark initially absorbed by politics since the age of 14, choosing law over medicine because it would be more useful politically, and already bilingual.

There are a number of other promising MPs—"not a high-brain among them," says caucus chairman and respected elder Mark Rose, 35—who haven't yet found their feet in Ottawa's shifting political scene. Simon de Jong, 28, a storefront community worker in Vancouver in the late 1960s, tested for the Saskatchewan government in the '70s, and had just opened a little restaurant "just health food, but nutritious food" in Regina before being elected May 22. Ian Wadell, 27, the speedy little Vancouver lawyer who was counsel for the Saskatchewan government in the '70s, and had just opened a little restaurant "just health food, but nutritious food" in Regina before being elected May 22. Ian Wadell, 27, the speedy little Vancouver lawyer who was counsel for the Saskatchewan government in the '70s, and had just opened a little restaurant "just health food, but nutritious food" in Regina before being elected May 22. Ian Wadell, 27, the speedy little Vancouver lawyer who was counsel for the Saskatchewan government in the '70s, and had just opened a little restaurant "just health food, but nutritious food" in Regina before being elected May 22.

to grow in popularity. Steve Peters, Trudeau's resignation, Broadbent has been saying that the NDP could easily become the official Opposition—particularly if the Liberals turn to the corporate boardroom for their next leader and select John Turner or Donald Macdonald. But Broadbent also no doubt remembers what happened in the NDP in 1974 when the country, tired of minority government, pelted around the two old-line parties and reduced NDP strength from 35 to 16 seats. They may be healthier, happier and more confident than ever but, if a bitter fight between the Tories and the Liberals develops in a federal election next year, the NDP could once again be badly hurt. There is at least one small consolation: the party certainly won't be the first internal bleeding.

down as the Last Supper of oil negotiations. Said Clark in the House of Commons the next day. "We have agreed on all the important details." And if Clark wasn't forthcoming on what those details were, NDP leader Ed Broadbent was, when he revealed contents of a "leaked" document outlining Schedule of Oil and Gas Prices Assumptions.

Claiming that Clark had "sold out" to Alberta and the multinational oil companies, Broadbent released figures which showed that the well-head price of crude oil will rise by \$4 a barrel in 1980, to be followed by a \$2.25 increase every six months thereafter from 1981 to 1983. A 35-cent-a-gallon gas tax—worth roughly \$2.5 billion annually to the federal government—in also includ-

Clark and Longworth today shot down



## The Town Mouse and the Oil Mouse

In pursuit of the perfect oil-price agreement, the federal Tories have played more Canadian towns than a band of troubadours. At Thanksgiving, they met with their Alberta counterparts in Montreal. One month later in Ottawa, they harried around a "policy table" and Prime Minister Joe Clark looked like a sharp with a dose up his sleeve then, he resembled a speakeasy found-in three weeks ago when he emerged from a tacky motel room in Saskatoon having failed to strike a deal. Last Tuesday, however, when Clark met with Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed around his dining room table at 24 Sussex Drive, it appeared—after an eight-hour meeting and a buffet of cold cuts—that the summit might actually go

on, according to Broadbent, who maintained that a gallon of gas would jump to \$2.42 from \$2.10 by 1983. Although Clark snickered at his weekly press conference that the figures might have been leaked "by Agass," at least one Finance official remarked that the program was "reasonable." If it appeared last week as though Clark had won the energy-pricing war, it was also evident that he had lost at least one major battle. So much so that self-inflationary tax scheme, which was a oil companies' revenues at the well-head, was flatly shot down by the three-throwing Lougheed. And the Alberta snafu was not alone in cornering Clark and his nervous Energy Minister. They hint that a federal well-head royalty would not fly in the West.

"Stimulus released by McCain's a month ago provided similar cuts for a gallon of gasoline—\$1.00 to \$2.00 (The World Newsline Nov. 23)

Rodriguez and Joe (right) Broadbent with a tax at Toronto meet: no internal bleeding





Apart from the heavy brooding of oil jobs, pressure to slash the tax has come from Clark's own Alberta caucus. Even officials in the department of energy, mines and resources are clear on the western influence in the policy-making decisions. "When we get asked for information on the energy agreement," admitted one official, "we tell people to phone Calgary."

Although Finance Minister John Crosbie has already indicated "assumed oil revenues" in his Dec. 11 budget, Finance officials began only Friday to search for a formula to skim taxes from oil company profits. They admit it won't be easy. Given that various tax loopholes give petroleum producers a jump start before the taxman catches, many companies are able to siphon off revenues before they become taxable income. With at least one official admitting, "It's almost impossible" to levy the desired revenues under the existing tax structure, the federal government was left itself not walking but slouching toward energy self-sufficiency in 1990.

June 8/89

## Ontario

### A Choice he could have done without

Port Hope is a pretty, leafy, hilly town on the Lake Ontario shore 40 miles east of Toronto and no place for nightmarish tales such as the one that was told here, however, in the wake of the Queen's Murder on the night of Oct. 18, 1979. The smoky pub was filling up with a thirsty, swaggering crew of bikers without the traditional vests emblazoned with flame-spurring devil's heads. Instead, there were the faces of the Queen's motorcycle gang. They looked so sporting calm, because they had been borned from the Queen's, but now there were three or four in the prebail room, none near the bar, others watching by the door. At one table, several Golden Hawk Riders member Bill Matytek sat considerably drunk and a little stoned on marijuana. At the next three-tables and 750 pounds, he was with friends and he could feel the 32 automatic in his breast pocket. But when he took a phone call at the bar he could be heard to say, "It's lovely here. There's about 15 well-dressed guys."

As Matytek returned to the table and his girl Jamie Bluman, one of a harem of nine surrounding them said Bluman "Cluck, get the f--- away from this table." Matytek agreed: "Yes, you'll better get." A big blonde bearded man (as two witnesses were later to describe him) pulled a .38 Colt and fired three times. As the bikers vanished through



the exits, Port Hope town councillor Rod Stewart roared over. "We had some crazy idea of giving him first aid and then there he was, lying covered with blood, his face purple."

More than a year later, with verdicts finally registered after a lengthy and sometimes bizarre trial, appeals scheduled to be launched this week mean the nightmare continues. The trial was transferred from Port Hope (because, it was thought, there were no outcries at all bikers that a fair trial was deemed impossible) to London, 175 miles west, where the court proceedings dragged on for 12 weeks. Crown Attorney Chris Bernhardt branded Matytek's death "a foul, horrible, planned massacre." Charged with first-degree murder were eight members of Satan's Choice chapters in Kitchener, Toronto and Peterborough, after 39 months' work by Port Hope and Ontario Provincial Police.

Satan's Choice on an outfit and (above) the murder scene coded next badges



break through the tight biker world. One of Matytek's brother Golden Hawk Riders had to be arrested to get him to testify, and after he did his case was shut up.

The Crown called 66 witnesses and entered 137 exhibits, attempting to locate all eight accused at the scene—and identify who fired the shots. There were eight defence lawyers (mostly provided by legal aid) and extra chairs were added to a long bench for the biker court-by-one in next three-people suits.

Security in and around London's Middlesex County courthouse was intense when the trial began before Mr. Justice Coulter O'Hare and a jury of five women and seven men. Spectators were admitted only after an electronic screening by three uniformed officers. Identification was demanded of anyone suspected of being "a Choice" or one of their "old ladies" (a possibly recognizable by long bleached hair, tattoos and freckled face). At the preliminary hearing in Port Hope Satan's Choice had turned

out in force to support their accused brethren, clanking their devil's head insignias stamped by coded photographic "crest badges," until defence lawyers urged them to keep out of sight. I found the courtroom members of the Coy Tacers and Biceps Unit, were scattered among the spectators, some belatedly under their civilian suits, one clearly pulled by a bulletproof vest.

The Crown called six eyewitnesses to identify the various accused as present during the killing, but it turned out that the "big blonde bearded man" said to have fired the gun might have been any one of several of these charged. The most startling defence witness, Oklahoma Satan's Choice member Lerne Campbell, who was not charged in the case, testified under protection of the Canada Evidence Act that he went along with the other bikers to Port Hope merely "for a fight." But when he saw Bill Matytek reach toward his jacket, aware Campbell, he pulled a gun himself and fired the fatal shots. The judge later advised the jury against taking Campbell's testimony too seriously. "I kept waiting," the judge said when the jury was not present, "for the cue cards to appear."

Two Crown witnesses testified that the red gummas was Choice member Gary Gensau, but defence lawyer Doug Kerbel surprised the court by calling for permission to have a bullet which was lodged in Gensau's back recently recovered. Ballistics experts later said that the retrieved bullet passed through Matytek's arm and into his chest, ending a 1979 scene, a back-blows from the dead man's jacket were found in bedded in the nose of the bullet. Gensau could scarcely have fired the shot with anything less than a booming. Firing at his foot.

After the trial, Justice O'Hare took nearly four days for his 140-paragraph summary: the jury took two days to find Gensau, of Toronto, and Rick Sasse, of Port Hope, guilty of first-degree murder, four others guilty of second-degree murder and the remaining two innocent. Who actually fired the gun was never established, and one other question remains that even a retrial may not answer: why did Satan's Choice have it in for Bill Matytek?

Around the same beer-soaked tables in the Walnut Hotel, after the Queen's was renamed after the shooting, word is that Matytek was being wooed by Kingston's Outlaws motorcycle club chapter to head a westward invasion of Satan's territory. That was bad enough, but the last straw could have been Matytek's refusal of an invitation to join Satan's Choice instead. "If I want to join the Mickey Mouse Club," Matytek was quoted as saying, "I'll go to Disneyland."

## Montreal

### A loss of radical chic

The proud Marxist agitator stood in the pit of the courtroom amphitheatre in Montreal's modern Palais de Justice. Defiantly, arms folded across his strong chest, Francois Blais refused to testify last Tuesday about his links with the Front de Liberation du Quebec (FLQ) which, in October, 1970, kidnapped British diplomat James Cross and murdered Quebec cabinet minister Pierre Laporte.

Blais, 40, a former FLQ member, later, as dozens of his radical friends and some convicted terrorists watched in shock, the bawling signor was bowling unceremoniously into the hands, his body now trembling uncontrollably with fear. He had just been identified by an angry jury member Jean Keable as a police informer, an agent of the Montreal Urban Community Police (MUCP), associated with a revolutionary war. While the courtroom was still reeling with emotional outbursts from other witnesses, lawyers, Keable himself and spectators, a firm striking feeling hit the pits in a lot of stomachs just how many separatist terrorists of the 1970s were, in fact, informers or agents provocateurs in the name of the police?

Keable's inquiry into illegal police operations began quietly two years ago with the simple mission of learning the full truth behind an illegal break-in by three police forces in a leftist agency's Montreal offices. But Montreal police armed Thursday, in a legal case, that the Keable commission has become a dangerous and legally unstructured inquiry into the October Crisis of 1970.

Police apprehension is understandable forcing officers to identify contacts publicly would put him in peril, make recruitment of new informers difficult in the case of the October Crisis, and reinforced a widespread belief that police complicity, not just incoherence, was responsible for their failure to apprehend the FLQ kidnappers sooner. Earlier in the hearings former police informer Canada Desautel admitted to Keable that he had written about a dozen right-wing extremists during that 1970s autumn of crisis and kept her police contacts informed of FLQ activities. But the most intriguing wit-



Keable: "Get out. I have no time to waste"

ness of all last week was heard, English-speaking teacher Nigel Barry Hunter, whose name is cited in connection with reports of a mysterious and even-approved participant in the kidnapping of British Trade Commissioner James Cross. Although the provincial justice department has confirmed the existence of a never-identified kidnapper, it refuses to confirm or deny that Hunter was involved. Hunter's testimony before the Keable inquiry was in secret, although he may return to testify publicly his relationships with police or police informers.

But that won't happen until Keable fights back a Montreal police challenge to the commission's right to conduct interviews. Also being increasingly questioned are the jury's motives. Keable, a lawyer with known Pat Quibbelle sympathies, is given to emotional, accusatory treatment of witnesses and their counsel. When he accused Seguin of being an informer, for example, Keable repeatedly refused the witness's lawyer the right to intervene. Then, when Seguin's presumed police "co-trainer," detective Rene Basileau, asked to consult with his lawyer before saying whether Seguin was in fact in his employ, Keable resolutely told him "Get out. I have no time to waste."

Although no shred of evidence was presented in court, Seguin was tarred as an informer—rendering him vulnerable to harm from both the radical critics and the police while the Keable inquiry has belatedly more than an opportunity than an objective commission that respects traditional legal rights.

David Thomas



"Since pigs see a rock and roll singer and all they can say is 'What a great set of knockers,'" says **Rachel Puskas**, the 23-year-old lead vocalist and sole female member of the **Swifkey**, Ontario, 10-piece band. "Sometimes the rest of the band thinks I should push it." Puskas says of the internal debate over the amount of sex appeal that's required for success. She and the other six members of the Co-operative Antisocials, **Naomi Grayson** just finished a Canadian tour to promote their latest album, *Remembrance*. Traveling across the country in a Winnebago with the boys in the band and three all-male technicians didn't lose Puskas. "It's a business partner," she says. "I've got respect. Without that I'd just be another chick in a band."

Though his three major albums, *American Boy & Girl*, is getting little airplay in North America radio stations, 34-year-old **Michael Biehn** continues to attract a cult following. Casual reference to the likes of **Woo Tzu-Lung**, **William Borch** and **Roman Polanski** threaten to make him the **Woody Allen** of punk-reggae-rock. Brooklyn-born Jeffrey still holds as his fondest wish to have "lived in Florence during the Renaissance" and is managed by **Leonardo de Medici**. After a tour of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, he prepared to take his eclectic music to Europe, complete with stage moves that make Mick

Jagger look "clean." Jeffrey says his brand of music looking "into the '60s," while Jagger, he says, "looks dirty."

The "dope snuff" case involving the sexual passages of **White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan** has reached its starkest test. Last week New York attorney **Arthur Christy** was appointed as special prosecutor to investigate



CAGNEY and President... no knocking respect

charges that the president's right-hand man asserted dominance at Studio 54. The charges originated with **Steve Rubell** and **Ian Schrager**, the trendy newcomers of the trendy disco, who are themselves up on charges of tax evasion. Normally, the allegations would be denied away and covered by the U.S. courts, but because of the Watergate-inspired Ethics in Government Act all charges that government officials have been breaking the law must be investigated. In the meantime, **Jimmy Carter** has expressed "complete confidence" in Jordan.

The people who brought you **Mickey Mouse** had this great idea—a animated-fiction epic about black holes in space. **Maximilian Schell**, **Anthony Perkins**, **Yvette Mimieux** and **Bruce Campbell** were lured in and more than \$20 million was spent for special effects. They called the deep-space music *The Black Hole*. Then someone was cheerful enough to ask what a black hole was. Nobody could explain it. Enter **Dr. William A. Kuchemann**, M.D., astrophysicist, seer and expert on hole phenomena, hired to travel around North America telling potential financiers what a black hole is so that they will have good reason to pay to see the movie. Holes, he explains, are the remnants of dead stars that have become compressed into a bundle of mass and energy smaller than a bread box. The scary part is that the force of gravity remains and is powerful enough to take a hole in the universe, sucking up a sort of vacuum space which is called a black hole, says Kuchemann, the newest known black hole is Cygnus X-1, the next 1,000 light-years away. Laterally, he says, "costs a night."

The concept of diplomatic immunity applies. 38-year-old **Leonard Wise**, "Diplomatics are antithetical. They can get away with murder—literally," says Wise, a Toronto criminal lawyer. But really he's kidding. Wise on the diplomatic lifestyle was not that they could escape a certain kind of death, but the fact that the select group doesn't have to pay taxes. "They've definitely got it made," he confides. Wise has taken the immunity concept beyond taxation in a screenplay called *Diplomatic Immunity*, which will become a \$4-million movie this spring. Conceiving the script (it was by **Rob Reiner**, 35, whose father, **Sam Rea**, is the former Canadian ambassador to the Netherlands. Wise's story is a comedy adventure about an

Wise: does become gold diplomatic immunity



ambassador who steals a valuable bone from the Smithsonian Institution.

Fox hunting has never been his far. The fox and it is hunting out to be so far for the hunters. About 40 miles west of Washington in Virginia's "hunt country" a putman has started a reign of terror on the innocent victims of the sport—the horses. Among those who have farms in the 30-square-mile wilderness' hunting ground are **Avenue Marlowe**, the famed American diplomat, Senator **John Warner** and his actress wife, **Elizabeth Taylor**, as well as **Paul Mellon**, one of the world's wealthiest men. Last week **Pauline Hamilton's** chestnut, thoroughbred hunter **Wingover** was killed by the snipe and the hunter on his legs, snatching the horses at night. The hunt went on, however, according to **Shirley Stinebaugh**, manager of the local hunt. "We will not be blacklisted."

After hunting away at **Peter O'Neil** in *The Man Who Knew*, **Robert Stinebaugh** is now on to what the showbiz trade paper Variety terms the "crushing" of the **Holmes**. **Taliesin Stinebaugh**, 35, bought the rights to Nobel Prize-winner **Isaac Bashevis Singer's** short story

*Feet*, the **Yiddish Boy** in 1968 and she has played herself in and direct the film *Canadian Ted Allen* (*Love My Father Tell Me*) will be writing the script. The story is about a 19th-century girl who flees herself as a boy in order to study the Jewish holy book with members of the opposite sex. At that time, girls were barred from Talmudic schools. If it sounds as though Stinebaugh is writing a blow for women's liberation, remember she was the one who said she thought **Ma** stood for **Misapprehension**.

Between puff on his faithful cigar, **George Burns** has managed to lock out a couple of country and western tunes. But his debut single, **Burns**, 61, chose **Sam Shoemaker's** musical ditty *I Wish I Were A Gypsy* and **Tom T. Hall's** exclamation *The Mystery of Life*. "I made one other record in my life," quips Burns. "It was arranged by **John Philip Sousa's** father."

Two years ago Canadian author **Autie** wrote the *Shadows* within one volume of winning the **Prix Goncourt**, the literary world's highest international honor. **Stinebaugh** and **Maria**, truck-driving house

Stinebaugh: just a girl and a holy car

French is spoken prose. Last month she won it, for her novel *Plage de Chénay*, and became the first woman to receive the prize in 13 years. Though the honor carries with it a prize of only \$50 francs (about \$10), the 30-year-old author from Bourdeaux, New Brunswick, accepted the award with great enthusiasm. "Awards," she advises, "are not bad."

A 41, **David Hopper** has been "plugged" as potential drop-out biggie. Not without trying, of course, since Hopper's screen image so far back as the 1960 classic *Easy Rider* and as recent as *Apocalypse Now* this year has seen him sniggering to the staff of a different nature. He may have a chance to blow the smoke from his image with his role in *Colo*, a \$25-million film which is before the cameras in Vancouver. In it he plays a truck driver who has an encounter after with his 14-year-old daughter, 18-year-old **Leah Maren** (*Days of Heaven*), who finds refuge with a psychologist played by Canadian-born **Raymond Burr** (*Ferry Moon*, *Ironside*). Hopper doesn't find the role a dramatic departure ("It's just that I'm older"), although after the union-protested filming of *Wannabe* director **Leonard Fiske** he took an even more prominent role as director. Next on the agenda is a movie version of the **Wagner** *Josephine* film *Young Frankenstein*. "I deal with dope, hookers and sexual encounters," he explains. In short, a typical Hopper premise.

Edited by Marsha Boulton



Stinebaugh: Victoria

## Repeated variations on a theme

By Hal Quinn

It was the final Canadian Football League game of the decade and league governors could be forgiven sighs of relief. The Grey Cup had been sadly predictable, the best that could be hoped for was a graceful exit in the discomfitment. The league had prospered in the early and mid-1990s, but in recent years and the swirl of loose change left from rubbers and the crescendo of all crises the CFL has been playing the same old song. Yet during its post-1990 era, the league had enjoyed interludes of competitive harmony and intense nationwide interest. In the 1990s, only the B.C. Lions, who joined in 1994, and Calgary failed to reach the final game and play for Lord Grey's cup. In the 1960s only two of the CFL's nine teams (the Toronto Argonauts and the Montreal Alouettes) did not play in the championship. This decade again two teams didn't make it (Winnipeg and BC) but two other teams almost made it their own. The Edmonton Eskimos represented the West and the Alouettes the East five times each, and the two teams met each other in four of the past five Grey Cups, before meeting again this year.

Seven different teams played in the first four Cups of the 1970s, only five teams in the final six. Ottawa meeting Saskatchewan in 1978 was an aberration; the interlopers in the Edmonton-Montreal duopoly both were quickly dismissed. Profitability set the league back decades even as major league basketball attracted revenues, the NFL rose up over \$75,000 after 10 weeks and the National Hockey League's Canadian expansion teams played to sellouts. Remains may be popular, but not in prime time.

Attendance for CFL games dropped off this year by 55,000 reflecting Montreal's and Edmonton's repeated dominance (Edmonton scoring a record 405 points, Montreal winning 11 games, losing four, tying one). Hardly a harbinger of change for the 1990s. But perhaps the most distressing signal of the year came from the East where the conviction has been growing that the



Edmonton's Warren Moon: No. 1 again

West plays better football. Interlocking competition between the two divisions—the West won 20, the East nine, with one game (1987) seemed to indicate parity, but seven of the games was by the eastern clubs won at the expense of the doormats, Saskatchewan and Winnipeg. For the year-final game between Ottawa and Hamilton, 92,000 seats were vacant, and in the final game to decide whether Ottawa or Montreal would go to the Grey Cup, the wind swept through 26,018 empty seats at Olympic Stadium.

Over-all attendance had risen gradually since '70, but the combination of dismal shows in Saskatchewan, Winnipeg and Toronto (together they won fewer games than Edmonton) and the ineffectuality of the eventual finalists resulted in a drop even as league seating capacity increased.

It was against this murky backdrop that the 51st Grey Cup was played last week in Montreal. Since 1968, when 100-proud Calgary first made the event a kudosmatic rite sorely granted by the gods in advance of the winter's penance, the festival has threatened, and usually succeeded, in outshining the

game. As league governors nattered fully interlocking play between the divisions (which could quickly shatter the mystique of East-West parity), the regulars shelled out an estimated \$25 million at four bucks a warmed seat and for doubled hotel rates. Not enough survived (\$6,113) blow-eyed to fill the stadium, to watch booze ads accompanied by disco music on the scoreboard while about seven million sat at home watching TV beer ads. And while the palaces roared and dropped run belts, the Alouettes saved the league a heart-emptifying finale.

The boozies had magnificently installed Montreal at only 45-point underdogs, though they had been beaten by Edmonton 47-6 during the regular season. The boozies were almost right. Montreal played inspired football, their 16 penalties for 146 yards contributing more than Edmonton's reflexion to their 37-16 loss. It was a well-played, entertaining game perhaps saving the governors' minds—only until they are reminded that scalpers were getting \$30 for \$10 tickets and barely 100 people showed up for the Eskimos' victory parade in Edmonton. Even the winners are losers when the song returns to the same. ♦

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# Olympic thunder over two Chinas

Legend has it that the original Olympics glorified and spurred for olive wreaths and love of their athletes, even far from the madding passions. But the separation of pole vaulters and politicians has gone the way of wariness—both no longer exist. The Olympic Games have become a maelstrom, national and international politics. Hitler's 1936 Games and Montreal's boomerang and unfortunate 1976 Games, each set standards for excess in their own way. In February,

the spotlight will focus on Lake Placid, New York, for the Winter Games, then to Moscow in July for the summer events. The body politics, however, is already underway and off to a head start on the athletes.

First came the stories of mismanagement of funds collected for the Placid Games, then the head furore over the athletes' dormitories becoming a prison after the Games, then the tales of embezzlement out there hoarding at rates that would embarrass a loan shark, finally word that communism, housing and even washroom facilities at the site are embarrassingly inadequate. From behind the Iron Curtain came news that the Soviets are delaying over going west to the Main Canadian camp site that, followed by dissident athletes that the vote little Russian bear dolls, the symbol of the Moscow Games, are being made by the inmates of the Gulag Archipelago. But these problems are mere cracks in the platform compared to last week's campaign to clear the way for the People's Republic of China to compete and sport with the rest of the Olympics.

Last week members of the International Olympic Committee voted 52-17 to allow both China and Taiwan to compete at Lake Placid and Moscow. The

guest was the extension of Xian'an Ping Pong diplomacy, with a hitch: China would henceforth be allowed to compete and be known as the People's Republic of China, but, for athletic purposes, the Taiwan delegation would henceforth be known as the Chinese Taiwan Olympic Committee and must come up with a new flag and anthem in time for the Games. The Chinese generally announced plans to send 30 athletes to Lake Placid in five weeks, blaming the Gang of Four for "greatly affecting our sporting standards for 10 years" (but the team goes home without medals. In anticipation of the IOC ruling, Taiwan filed a lawsuit as a Swiss court. Song Zhang, secretary of the Chinese Olympic Committee, said, "The Taiwan side has no reason at all to take such an action and has no legal grounds for it." But just two days after the committee vote, the Taiwanese followed through with their lawsuit. "The resolution has violated the Olympic charter both in procedure and in substance," said Chen Chen-ying, president of the Taiwan Olympic Committee. "It is clearly unfair and illegal."

And so, just as in 1976 when Taiwanese athletes, some probed, some already in Montreal, had to turn back when global politics looked them from the starting blocks, the spectre of smoke-filled rooms and court decisions cloud the hopes and dreams of athletes and may darken them entirely. Powdered wings covering olive wreaths. Hal Quinn



## An award for whatizname

Phil Bunker, president of the fledgling Toronto Blue Jays, was sitting in the Canadian Stadium cafeteria in September, something a response to the question about his young shortstop Alfredo Lopez's chances of becoming the American League's Rookie of the Year. Because he

had learned the intricacies of baseball politics at the knee of his father, Don, Bunker suffered no delusions. "If Lopez were playing in New York or Chicago he'd have a good chance. What about a publicity campaign aimed at the voting baseball writers who decide such things? We did

### Griffin over a sliding Riddle Zek, Lopez?

that with a pitch to a San Diego and got him the Cy Young Award, but I don't think we could pull it again." But I did talk to a news service sportswriter and asked him to mention Griffin in his column. Sure enough, a couple of days later in his bookends, there it was. A first young shortstop in Toronto should get a lot of votes for Rookie of the Year—Alfredo Lopez.

Despite such help Griffin's name and numbers slipped through last week and he was named to writer (with the Canadian John Gaudin) as the Montreal Times' all-rookie award. It was a lovely kudo for a team that lost 108 games last season but poetic justice for Griffin, no matter how you spell it. The 25-year-old from the Dominican Republic caught his way in 153 games in a .287 batting average with 34 runs batted in, and set five fly-catchers for most hits (178), triples (9), runs scored (87) and stolen bases (29). Griffin said he was surprised and happy that he had won the Blue Jays and he has only just begun and no one knows how many votes Alfredo Lopez received.

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# Are the news that's fit to buy

By Anthony Whittingham

I was by all accounts the most bizarre aftermath. The Globe once *Mail* newsroom has seen in many a year. Newsbreaks, scraps or world crisis may occasionally stir the tempo at Canada's most "serious" daily newspaper, but the tension in the air last Friday came from an entirely different source. It was a storm from within the newspaper itself—like the tremor of fear and excitement sweeping through a hive of bees at the birth of a new and real queen. Rumors buzzed from desk to desk, tight knots of reporters and editors clustered together in urgent conversation. What was the Toronto Globe and Mail about to be sold? And PT Publications—the cross-Canada newspaper chain of which the Globe is the flagship paper—was it about to fall into "enemy hands"? Feelings at the Globe were in a run deep. The rumor which had exploded into the open last Friday—that PT is on the verge of being bought out by three Toronto financiers, Conrad Black, John Bassett Jr. and George Gardiner—was greeted with such hostility by staff members that it provoked a riot that probably be remembered as the most stirring display of the entire affair: the news of Roy McMurtry, publisher of the Globe for scarcely a year, and a man believed more interested in mechanical systems and aerodynamic engineering than in the romance of journalism. 45-year-old McMurtry showed "the true mad Irishman in him" at the height of Friday's tension. He confronted the rumor of the PT sale by announcing to all employees in the newsroom that he was willing to lead a separate movement by employees to buy the Globe away from the chain to maintain its previous independence. "It was aghastly gesture," said one former Globe staffer. "In the greatest Globe and Mail tradition."

McMurtry's bravado, however, left little of any chance of success. It could even cost him dearly if perceived by PT directors as a form of mutiny. Though an old friend of McMurtry's, and the man responsible for hiring him last year, PT President George Currie put an end to the romantic pipe-dreaming. "The Globe is not for sale," PT officials may be far wiser, but the paper isn't.

If Currie is correct and PT is far



reals, it could lead to a change in policy and editorial direction at night major Canadian newspapers having a combined daily circulation approaching an million.\* Currie confirmed on Friday that Toronto financier Conrad Black, the ambitious new chairman of Argus Corporation Ltd. and Metsey-Ferguson Ltd., had requested—and received—

\*PT Publications Ltd. is Canada's third largest newspaper chain after Thomson Newspapers Ltd. and Irwin Inc. Previously owned by Sir Frank Williams, PT publishes the Ontario-based Toronto Globe and Mail, Winnipeg Free Press, Calgary Herald, Lethbridge Herald, Vancouver Sun, Peterborough Daily, and various Western Times.

tail financial information from the PT directors on the grounds that he wants to purchase an undisclosed number of PT shares. "So far no offer has been made, and to that extent the whole affair is pure conjecture at this point," says Currie. "But I know he approached a number of our leading shareholders indicating he would like to make an offer." While Black himself has refused to comment on the matter in any personal, Currie did ask Black whether he had partners in the venture and Black replied, "Yes, I have two John Bassett and George Gardiner." One of the reasons for the strong negative reaction amongst Globe and Mail staffers last week in the enduring reputation of John Bassett among many journalists as the man who "killed" the Toronto Telegram newspaper, which he owned until his demise in 1971. Gardiner—an old friend of Bassett's and board member on Bassett's communications company Radio Broadcasting Inc.—is, among his other business interests, chairman of Scott's Restaurant Co. Ltd., owners of Canadian Holiday Inns of Canada Ltd. Gardiner is also controlling trustee of the Max Bell Estate, one of the few private groups controlling share blocks

Black, (below left) Malone, (right) McMurtry last, excitement through a live of base



in PT—three of them, including Bell, operating as private family trusts. If Black wanted to buy PT, he'd have to approach Gardiner, and one observer, "and that may have recent impact in Bassett as well." Another figure powerful in determining the fate of PT, whose side in the current affair so far remains wrapped in obscurity, is Douglas Black and J. Malone, 70, former PT chairman, former Globe publisher, who owns or influences the largest single number of PT shares—7.5 per cent on his own name and 45 per cent as trustee of his estate. At that point Malone isn't talking, though it's obvious his decision to sell

remains a crucial part of the deal's success.

Black himself is as stranger to the newspaper business. His own career began as proprietor of the Sherbrooke Record, later parlayed into Sterling Newspapers Ltd., itself a newspaper chain, somewhat smaller than PT, based in Vancouver, with Black still honorary chairman. Last week his colleague at Sterling, President David Ratler, allowed somewhat coyly that "our company has always been interested in buying PT if the shares are available"—though he denied any knowledge of the current, rumored take-over bid. Why Black would choose that particular time to grab at PT seems to "make sense" to most insiders. Currie himself admits the company has been through a "terrible year." Losses incurred by two exploding newspaper strikes in Montreal and Vancouver forced the company this year to fold The Montreal Star and, for the first time ever, to suspend the dividend. That in itself would make some of its owners restless—but, in addition, two significant shareholders, Malcom and Montreal financier Howard Webster, are getting older and may "want out," while others, children and descendants within the family trusts, may also want out to use the cash in other ways. "That may be," says Currie. "The perfect time to make an offer." As for Black himself, he's believed to be flush with good news of the anticipated turnaround at Metsey-Ferguson—and in perfect form, say some, for a new, daring move to expand his engaged business empire.

One of the reasons of the affair, as insiders and rumors leaked around the newsroom of PT newspapers last Friday, was that the Globe was on the eve of a "billion strike"—the removal of reporters' names from stories as an indication of news neutrality in the current oil-related business deal involving journalists and the company. By the time the names are restored, they may be owned by the names of the new owners.

## I'll show you mine you show me yours

The professional spin called "news" is oil circles have been as legendary in the petroleum industry as the London Stock Exchange. Those papers have become a part of western folklore, whether they're bellying up to a drilling rig to train their binoculars on the work in progress, newsrepping in bars or bartering for data. But those colorful, news-biting lawyers are turning a backward this year as competing oil companies and their splendidly paid executives head for the courts to argue out who is stealing whose secrets. In the



latest case, Calgary executives during the past six weeks have been nervously following the unfolding battle between Chevron Standard Limited and Hines Oil Company. At issue is the services of geologist John Leson, age 51, a soft-spoken Scot, who worked 22 years for Chevron in geological, administrative and management jobs. In December, 1976, Leson met William Waddell, Hines Oil's emporium vice-president, over an instant lunch to discuss petroleum-industry donations for improvements to the Calgary Zoo. The talk drifted into Leson's search for a Canadian exploration company and a month later Hines told the \$42,500-a-year job.

Two years later both Leson and his new employer are at court fighting a lawsuit brought by Chevron, which alleges Leson had stolen and wrongfully disclosed Chevron trade secrets and confidential information after joining Hines. Specifically, Chevron contends that it had been searching for deep oil in Alberta's West Pembina basin for two years prior to Leson's departure—and that Leson, in effect, tipped Hines off to the area's vast potential. Chevron claims Hines had no play under way there until Leson's prodding induced Hines to send a scout to follow Chevron's drilling and, shortly afterward, persuaded Texas Exploration Canada Ltd. to enter into a joint drilling arrangement on Texaco-owned land adjacent to the Chevron play. Thus, according to Chevron, was all the more surprising because it had been negotiating a similar deal with Texaco. But Chevron will (drilled by North Petroleum Ltd.) have never piddled off in what has become Western Canada's biggest conventional oil field is a de-

ade, with 480 million barrels in the field, while Hines itself subsequently made two oil discoveries in the area as well. Leson's response to these claims by Chevron, is "enough," saying he didn't have such information and that Hines became involved in West Pembina on the basis of normal and legitimate industry sources.

This case—is to be decided early in the new year—is a re-enactment of a similar lawsuit either this year when Mobil Oil Canada Ltd. sued Canadian Superior Oil after Mobil's president Arne R. Nielsen jumped ship to take over the sales job at Superior at a salary of \$225,000 a year. Mobil wanted an injunction preventing Nielsen from communicating with his new employers for a year lest he betray secrets—in effect, saying him the right to work. But, as Nielsen had signed a confidentiality agreement with Mobil and as there was no evidence that this had been broken, Mobil's case was thrown out.

What is causing so much tension in personnel departments and executive suites is the whole question of an employee's right to move from job to job. Had Mobil won its injunction against Nielsen it would have set a precedent preventing companies from hiring executives formerly employed. Further, in both cases, the courts are being used to settle what some feel are private disagreements between employers and employees when no formal breach of contract has occurred. But the stakes—like West Pembina oil play in the hottest petroleum action in Alberta in a dozen years—are enormous. These days, costs and technology are too high, it seems, to leave out the almighty words with their breechclout in the field.

Seamus Ziemer



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## Leaders of the pack

**T**he first impression is that the streets of London have fallen into some sort of time warp: the mode are back, decked out in '60s parkas, riding around town on Italian scooters, girls in miniskirts and gogo boots parked on the rear. That revival, spearheaded by the film version of *The X-Files* (Quadruphonia [see page 18]), is a return to trendy poppiness, whose looking sharp is a reason for being. And the pivotal figure in this back-to-the-'60s phenomenon is Sting, the persnickiest vocalist with the post-peak British trio, The Police. Co-starring in *Quadruphonia*, Sting is the ultimate mod, the "Ace Face." Last month this king



Copeland, Summers, Sling, and Dickinson

lead joined guitarist Andy Summers and drummer Stewart Copeland for an extensive North American tour, well-timed to coincide with the release of their single *Message in a Bottle*, now riding the Top 10 on radio charts, a status it has held for seven weeks in Britain.

The Tuxedo reception—press conferences, radio and television coverage, fans out in force—was the kind reserved for the glitter of an overnight success. In The Pallors' case, overnight success took two years to engineer. Formed in the throes of punk, they found their bottle-blende trade mark when they were told to dye their hair for a TV commercial, a venture to pick up some extra cash. In 1978, they undertook a multi-week, do-it-yourself North American tour. Crisscrossing the continent in a rented station wagon, the band played

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Below: the ultimate, percussive-topped man

to largely indifferent audiences—a start at Toronto's Harbourside Tavern drew fewer than 20. Undaunted, they continued to tour and to push for radio play. The tide began to turn with Outlander's *D'Amore*, their first album, which they say was recorded for only \$2,800. A unique marriage of high-energy rock and subtle reggae rhythms, the album has sold 75,000 in Canada alone and the single *Monroe* was the first New Wavies hit this side of the Atlantic.

Still, for all this glory, the band is deeply determined to play the smaller halls, leaving the megachurch arena circuit for Elton John, in Toronto they played the 1,250-seat Music Hall to a full house. And although they claim to be "stinking rich," they still travel in a station wagon. "We use our own financial resources to tour and record, and the most bands who let their record company pay the bills," explains drummer Copeland. "Really, the consumer pays. As soon as those consumer bands [Hooten & the Blue Grass] go bankrupt, the better it will be for all of us." Holding to this unorthodox view is one of their principles. "New Wavies has made it possible for any band, old or new, to find its own direction before becoming polluted by the music industry," says Copeland. "Essentially you have to join the establishment, only now it can be done in your own terms."

Steven Dery

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Cities

## East Coast takes a malling

By David Folster

The pattern is depressingly familiar: suburban shopping malls arrive and the downtown dies. Though mall developments have straggled across the continent in the past two decades, they have arrived in force most recently in the Atlantic provinces, introducing the convenience of one-stop shopping to a region that hasn't always been blessed with the most enterprising of entrepreneurs. But malls also siphon local money into the coffers of national chains and, notwithstanding grocery, park benches and mall-arcade fantasies, leave a kind of monochromatic shopping environment while draining downtowns of their character. This trend might have been expected to meet its most ardent resistance on the old-fashioned East Coast. But it hasn't, and only now are the natives at last rising up.

Federicks, New Brunswick's lovely old provincial capital, is a city of 35,000, once described by writer Bruce Hutchins as "the last surviving home town of America." But its aging downtown business district, already hurt by the past

few years by two malls just on the fringe, may die altogether if a mall proposal now before city council goes through. Wardsell Management Ltd. of Montreal wants to build a large, so-called "regional mall" on the city's fringe and may well see council approval within the next few months. "It's the typical Montreal syndrome," laments city councillor Bill Therpe. "We don't seem to be able to profit from other people's mistakes." An outspoken opponent of further suburban mall development, Therpe believes that what is at stake "is more than the downtown merchants, it's the downtown itself."

Therpe's concerns are echoed in St. John's, Newfoundland, in Charlottetown, P.E.I., wherever malls are going up on the East Coast. Construction is under way or plans are being considered in at least 20 East Coast communities. Says Hugh MacLeod, a customs shop owner in downtown Truro, N.S.: "We still tend to think of downtown as the business area, but when you look around Nova Scotia, you can see it's just not true anymore." He cites Bridgewater, Amherst and Dartmouth as examples of Nova Scotia communities that have already seen their downtowns decay because of malls.

This malling of the East Coast was prompted by a major migration east of mall developers as opportunities elsewhere

Village Mall. St. John's, MacLeod in downtown Truro monochromatic shopping, stores by the way, profit is mistaken

where on the continent reached a saturation level. Developers, anxious for virgin retail territory, found just that in the East. And a filip has been provided by an increasing interest in the East Coast by major department stores. Express Don Rogers, manager of market research for the Bay, currently planning at least 10 new stores: "There have been no traditional department stores in medium-sized communities, and there's a demand for those."

Inevitably, this spells more bad news for downtown merchants. Planning consultant Erik Bushley recently told a conference in Amherst on "The Runaway Mall" that Nova Scotia would require a population of six million to sustain all of its existing and planned malls. Since the province's actual population is less than 900,000, it's obvious stores strung along downtown main streets are going to fall by the wayside.

But sometimes even the malls themselves become victims of the preferences. In St. John's, the latest plans to open the Village Mall, has experienced nine store bankruptcies, underscoring fears that the city has become "oversteered." Nevertheless, companies continue to pay up to \$50 a square foot for

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retail space—well above the average cost nationally. And when St. John's city council denied the Atlantic Shopping Centres Limited permission to build a new mall in the city's west end, the company simply moved 100 yards to nearby out-of-city lands.

This movement beyond town boundaries—and therefore beyond town council control—has frustrated many communities. Not only does the town experience loss of business downtown and traffic congestion on the fringes, it also loses out on tax revenues. In other parts of North America, ways have been found to consider the impact of each mall before it gets built. In Ontario, for instance, a municipality is required to make public all zoning plans for malls. If objections are raised, the Ontario Municipal Board conducts a hearing and makes the final ruling. But so far in the East, only tiny Prince Edward Island has effectively confronted the problem: when a developer proposed a mall in West Kapuskasing, near Charlottetown, the ensuing debate finally prompted the provincial government last spring to impose an island-wide two-year moratorium on mall construction and expansion.

The idea of a moratorium naturally has wide appeal among mall opponents. In Fredericton, Chandler Thorne says a freeze on fringe-area malls is just what the city needs right now in order to force developers to look seriously at downtown sites. But developers argue that a downtown location has many disadvantages, among them difficulty of access, higher costs and parking problems. "A downtown parking structure costs \$5,000 per car," says Westcott Management's Michel Caron. "An open field in a suburban mall location costs \$500 per car." East Coast cities and towns may find, as others in Canada have, that in order to save their downtowns they are forced to subsidize developments. Says the Bay's Rogers: "There's going to have to be some support in order to make the downtown as attractive as suburban locations." At least that would be cheaper than spending millions of dollars in revitalization projects for downtowns that have already died.

In it too late to find some kind of compromise? In Truro, main skeptic Hugh MacLeod thinks it is nearly so. He wants the Nova Scotia Legislature to approve a P.E.I.-style moratorium and thereby block the Toronto-based Canada Life Assurance Company's plan to expand its existing Truro mall. "We can't afford to wait even six months," he says. "If they don't do something in December, the malls will kill us."

With Mrs. Doug Robert (Phasar is St. John's), he can't say any more in Charlottetown and New Bedford in Halifax.

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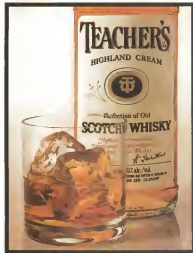
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## Films

### In with the in crowd

CLASHING HEADS

Directed by Franc Rodage

Unlike hippies and punks, the other visible youth movements of modern times, the mods did not escape in private dances, but achieved style by dint of numbers. One pack-a-day teenager on a scooter was not outrageous, but in packs they were noticed. Similarly, Franc Rodage, known for British television work, has made a movie, based on the 1976 album by The Who, which lacks the stamp of individual imagination if it's significant at all, it's because it keeps company with a current cultural phenomenon. It re-emerges in the '60s.

Jimmy, the youthful anti-hero affectingly played by Phil Daniels, likes to drive his bike, do the Watusi at parties and eat pills. He wants pale-mouthed girls and makes do with pos-ops on his bedroom wall. He speaks for all his friends when he says, "I don't want to be the same as anybody else. That's why I'm a mod." Especially, his working-class parents regard all this as emotional. When he returns from the famous



Daniels, bikers, pills and rockercrashing

mod-rocker set-to that happened in Brighton in 1964 they throw him out Jimmy tells his boss to shove it and drives to the edge of a cliff.

When this movie opened in Britain last summer, a new generation of British teenagers was taking up mod ways. However, there's nothing in this film to taste such a revival. Except for some obvious imagery—glaring headlights and the shining sea—it's a restrained chronicle of growing disillusion. The Who's music is simply a source and a sound track. There are some fresh performances, including one by Sting (of The Police) as a blonde bellboy, but the story is small and unexciting as well as unexciting. The modesty of its unfolding scenes does not seem to account to a saving grace. David Livingstone

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## Law

# Home birth on the defence

If there's one emotion new mothers may share, besides the joy and depression of giving birth, it's frustration at a less than satisfactory hospital experience. The place is so geared to sickness that childbirth sometimes seems reduced to a performance. But the only alternative to hospital delivery in Canada is home birth, which is frowned upon by the medical establishment. When Elizabeth Ambrey, a Victoria, B.C., housewife in her mid-30s, found herself pregnant for the second time, she became one of the growing number of Canadian women opting for home birth. But while there was nothing out of the ordinary in her decision, the result was tragic, and she has seriously damaged the still strong but significant home-birth and midwifery movements. The baby was stillborn and midwife Margaret Marsh was charged with criminal negligence. And until next March, when the case against Marsh will be decided, the movements' attempts to gain legitimacy and acceptance in Canada could be frustrated by the publicity.

At first glance, the Ambrey-Marsh case seems to give credence to established medicine's view that home births are both dangerous and anomalous. The home-birth and midwifery movements, not surprisingly, argue that the case is a special one and does not detract in any way from the righteousness of their cause. After all, women have been giving birth at home with the assistance of midwives as long as there have been babies born today in Britain, Sweden, the Netherlands and many other European countries. Licensed midwives often attend women through all stages of pregnancy, delivery and postnatal care.

But in Canada, the practice of midwifery by anyone but a doctor is not even sanctioned in law, except in Newfoundland. In BC and Ontario, midwives are forbidden by law to advertise or practice their skills, and in all provinces save Newfoundland (where there is a midwifery licensing program but only a dozen practitioners) there is no legal recognition and no licensing program. Thus midwives who operate in secret in Canada do so with considerable risk and difficulty, though legally allowed to attend a home birth if a doctor is present, that conviction seems little other than a handful of doctors across the country will attend a home birth (just not in all of Canada, for example).

And though the safety question in home births is only beginning to be debated publicly, the demand for birth alternatives to hospitals continues to grow. "Midwives are responding to a need," says Marie Blanchette, a doctor at the Victoria Home Birth Research Association. "Women are choosing this method despite the current lack of support from the medical profession." But those looking for a midwife find a confusing mixture of midwives trained abroad, self-taught "birth assistants" and country grannies. No matter what their training, midwives are operating mostly in the twilight zone of the law and so, for self-protection, charge for counselling (often \$50-\$75) but not for delivery.

Faced with this murky state of affairs, Elizabeth Ambrey and her husband, Mark, eventually managed to find a midwife for the birth last July, but at the last minute the midwife couldn't make it. On her recommendation they

tried Margaret Marsh, a 32-year-old former doctor. And, by Oct. 9 they were in Victoria County Court testifying in the criminal negligence trial against Marsh, who was charged with causing the death of their son, Nigel, by "failing to provide adequate medical assistance"—the first such charge against a birth attendant in Canada.

It was a breech birth, always difficult, even in the hospital, and the boy emerged dead and not breathing. Marsh's efforts to revive it failed. However, medical assistance was never sought. Judge Peter Millward was told she was also told of rather unorthodox procedures employed by Marsh, including the taking of what she called a "vitamin course" which consisted of placing her hands on Ambrey's belly and doing a "reading."

On Nov. 1 Judge Millward added a complication of his own when he ruled that "the living fetus, within the body of the mother, developed to full term, is a person... notwithstanding the fact it failed to be born alive." His ruling, which was a direct response to the defence contention that nobody can be charged with criminal negligence causing the death of someone not yet born, could have far-reaching consequences, not just for midwifery but for the medical profession. "It is the first time [in criminal law] an unborn human being has been accorded the rights of a human being in Canada," says Deborah Atkinson, solicitor for the Victoria Women's Law.



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March will be required to defend her conduct when the trial, adjourned in November, continues in March. Even if acquitted on the criminal negligence charge, which carries a maximum penalty of life in prison, she faces additional proceedings for practicing midwifery, which is B.C. punishable by a \$300 fine for the first offence.

The fact that Marsh was charged—never mind any conviction—has put home-birth proponents on the defensive. Says Toronto lay midwife Thelma Dawson, who works with a doctor: "I think that if a lady died at home, and it can be proven that it was a case of negligence, it does damage to the home-birth movement. But this case is not trying home-birth. It is trying that particular woman." Marsh is a natural of midwifery because of her background as a doctor. She was suspended from the B.C. medical registry in 1971 when she was judged unfit for practice, but because the Ansbury matter is before the courts, no details can be provided.

As significant as the prosecution of Margaret Marsh may be in the home-birth argument, it's unlikely to change many minds on either side. The issue is as emotional as it is professional. It isn't made any simpler, either, by the lack of reliable statistical information, which is compounded by the further nature of the work itself. So if the midwifery and home-birth movements have a case, they have been left with the near impossibility of proving it. Which is one reason the Victoria Home Birth Research Association was formed last summer, and one reason the Registered Nurses Association of British Columbia proposed a Registered Nurse Midwifery program last spring.

Phyllis Curry, a British-trained nurse-midwife who has attended home births with an Ontario doctor, believes midwifery has met such strong resistance because it is even more political than abortion. "In abortion you are asking a doctor to attend you, but in birth women are saying, 'I want my own power'." She supports the view, expressed by some feminists, that birth belonged to women until men took over the field of obstetrics and began to usurp women's control of their bodies and to discredit the role of midwives. But whether the issue is essentially political or simply a question of safe, happy births, the Ansbury tragedy shows that people will find alternatives even when they're denied them. "We're just like the abortion issue," says Jeanne Colson, a 26-year-old gallery director in Victoria. "If people are going to do it anyway, they've better get out and together and make damn sure it's safe." Judith Aldritt/Jeanne Webb with files from Jane Rogers

## Ideas

## A tithe for peace war

In 1946, when American author Henry David Thoreau told his government he wouldn't pay taxes to finance its Mexican skirmishes, he was jailed. During the Vietnam War, 1,750 protesters withheld taxes, but Internal Revenue eventually got its money. So it has been ever since the Hayfinch barons confronted King John in 1215 at Runnymede and established some checks on his power to collect levies. Though constitutional objections can refuse active war duty, the basic moral dilemma remains. As Edith Adamson, a Quaker living in Victoria, B.C., puts it: "We pay for peace but we pay for armaments and war. What we need now is a legal alternative so that our taxes can be diverted from aggressive programs into peaceful projects."

What she has in mind is a Canadian Peace Tax Fund, which would permit taxpayers to divert a share of their taxes from defence spending to peaceful programs such as Project Plough-



Adamson: the spirit of Thoreau lives on

shares, an educational program sponsored by the Council of Churches. Adamson's group—there are now 150 on a growing mailing list—includes Quakers, Methodists and Catholics. Since January Adamson's six-member Peace Tax Committee has been holding meetings in Victoria and distributing

newsletters across Canada. "We don't advocate withholding tax money because outright refusal to comply never works," says Adamson, who is instead asking supporters to write Finance Minister John Crosbie and their MPs to urge tax-form changes. "It's a slow business, but if enough people demand that their money go toward affirmative peace programs we might get somewhere."

A similar movement began in Britain two years ago. In the U.S. a bill to establish a peace tax fund has been introduced in Congress every second year since 1972. The latest is now in committee, likely to expire. Says Frank Brachman, executive director of the Washington-based National Council for a World Peace Tax, a body that includes Quakers, Methodists, Methodists, Lutherans and Catholics. "It won't make it this time, but I am optimistic it is going to get through eventually."

As General Dynamics Corporation lobbies Canadiana with full-page ads extolling the virtues of their F-16 fighters and so the government pours how best to spend the \$8.5 billion needed for new fighter aircraft, Thoreau's spirit lives on. It lives rebelliously.

Peter Carlyle-Gordley

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## Consumerism

# Trouble aboard the nut-brown bandwagon

The door to Santitas Chair, thick green AstroTurf, beach umbrellas and enamelled lawn furniture, all in shades of soft green and yellow, and sounds of creamy brown women draping themselves poolside. A line of five cabanas, called Fiji, Hawaii, Tahiti and so on, stretches down one wall. Inside each cabana a tinted shade motivates in the fastened blue glare of eight circulars lighting lamps. Blue goggles over the eyes.

Though it looks like some sort of High Tech nightmare of industrial man, the operation is a Vancouver tanning salon. Canadians will be seeing a lot of them in shopping malls and office buildings this winter—to the rescue of cancer researchers in the U.S. and Canada, who see the use of salons to playing a senseless numbers game with cancer. These major Canadian companies plan to have more than 40 salons in major centers by the time party-fancied citizens drag themselves into spring break. The fastest of the three franchise operations, Vancouver's Tanfasto, Toronto's Wat-A-Tan and Montreal's Plasma-Tan, all of which opened their doors for the first time in the past three months, is largely the same. For a "personalized" 30-minute program, Dr. David McLean, head of the skin cancer group of the B.C. Cancer Control Agency, says the ultraviolet bulbs used for these sessions cast wavelengths of light of the sort that have been shown to produce cancer. The period of exposure can last up to 10 minutes and is gradually increased on the basis of the responses to a client questionnaire detailing skin type, allergies to the sun, tendency toward freckles and so on.

The franchisees readily admit the technology is not new—sun lamps have been common in home businesses and the YMCA for decades—but describe themselves as packagers. Says Wat-A-Tan owner Steve Seidenbaum, also a grant-sponsor manufacturer: "People told us we were safe to sell tanning, too. But if you merchandise properly you can make anything go." In this case merchandising means successful franchising, and would be salon owners can jump on the nut brown bandwagon this winter for from \$50,000 to \$40,000, depending on the company and the elaborateness of the operation. Since the first salon



Phyllis Leachuk in Vancouver's Tanfasto tanning salon, controlled doses of sun

opened in the U.S. two years ago (in the South, adding), estimates, with gimmicks such as computer skin analysis and fake sun tanners, have spread across the U.S. The salons now number more than 1,000 and have a clientele that is at least 50 per cent men.

But what about the increased risk of skin cancer in year-round tanning? McLean says simply that use of the tubular bulbs will increase the incidence of skin cancer and premature aging. Personally "horrified" at the growth of these salons, he is writing to Health and Welfare Canada requesting that prominent notices be placed in all salons warning customers that the wavelengths of light produced by the lamps have been proven to cause cancer. But Vancouver dermatologist Dr. Cecil Sigal, who acted as consultant in the formulation of Tanfasto's skin-type questionnaire, takes a more moderate view. "Generally, the less exposure to the sun the better, but if someone feels he must, a controlled dose like this is a tanning salon is best." Dr. Bob Macleth, executive director of the National Cancer In-

# The spirit of Kanata. It began over 400 years ago.



t is widely held that the first word spoken to Jacques Cartier by the Algonquins when he stepped ashore at New France in 1532 was "Kantata" meaning "Welcome".

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strife, told Murrin he had never heard of the sales but says that ultraviolet radiation is a known carcinogen. He said a definitive judgment must await the results of a federal government investigation launched quietly in early November. But in the U.S., the Food and Drug Administration has already taken action. On Nov. 20 a letter was sent to all sun lamp, tanning salon operators stipulating, among other warnings, that the following sign must be posted in every tanning booth: "Danger—ultraviolet radiation. Follow instructions on use with natural sunlight. Overexposure can cause eye injury and skin cancer. Repeated exposure may cause premature aging of skin and skin cancer. Medications and cosmetics applied to the skin may increase your sensitivity to ultraviolet light. Consult a physician before using tanning. If taking any medication or if you believe yourself sensitive to sunlight."

Well, the popularity of sales in the short run seems guaranteed. A sampling of Vancouver customers to Tassilo on their 26-out first cycle indicated they were motivated by curiosity as much as by cosmetics. Patrizia Reg Nelson, 34, an elegantly dressed ex-Air reservations clerk, was more direct: "It's a look-good, feel-good thing. It's reality."

Thomas Hopkins

## That long-distance feeling gets closer

The world's largest telephone call—between a computer at New York University and another at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center—lasted 42 days and cost only eight cents. For 40 years, telephone consumers in the Big Apple have paid for every local call, but not for duration. That means their "conversations" three years ago led to changes and now all residential customers in New York state are being phased into a system of phone billing according to the number of local calls made and the time of day. And businesses are paying for the length of local calls. Residents of Ontario and Quebec learned last month that in the next few years they, too, may need that long-distance feeling before dialing next door.

Belgium's request to test the "unit-price concept" in at least two medium-sized cities has received approval for the approach from the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC). Beginning in 1985, customers in the yet-to-be-selected test



area will get their regular flat-rate bills with add-ons saying how much more or less they would have paid under "local measured service." CRTC officials say public hearings will be held before any over-all change in rate philosophy is entertained, possibly in 1983. While no other Canadian-owned telephone companies have plans to test, U.S.-



owned B.C. Telephone and the Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Company (29.2-per-cent owned by Bell Canada) are interested in Bell's results.

Not surprisingly, the news has drawn protests from groups representing shut-ins, senior citizens and other heavy users of the telephone, doctors' centres and volunteer organizations such as the Canadian Red Cross Society. The Consumers Association of Canada is concerned that the transaction financial burden of \$100 million to install measuring equipment for Bell's 5.5 million subscribers would simply be passed along to consumers, says Ontario branch President Miriam Kravitz. But, she adds, user-pay is a principle used by other utilities and could be a faster practice than averaging rates.

Ontario giant Simpsons-Sears Limited is not concerned, although much of its business is over the phone. With the cost of gasoline rising, local phone bills won't prevent customers from leaving their engines idling the waiting, says a spokesman. On a small scale, the concept has already been accepted by about 20,000 Ontario businesses with one phone line. Those in Toronto have opted to pay \$14.30 and 4.4 cents per call after their first 125 calls, instead of paying a flat rate of \$27.50 a month.

But for senior citizens Ray Fletcher, Ontario spokesman for the 10,000-member Canadian Pensioners' Concerned lobby group, local rates would mean a return to the regressive-twelve-the-whore attitude common in Rome, and his native England. And, tragically, for the elderly on tight budgets, she says, it could spell the difference between independence and loneliness.

In practice, the user-pay concept has already meant a change for the New York Telephone Company, which launched very marketing schemes to boost business after new charges were imposed. In the past few years the company promoted a dial-in program and each day thousands of New Yorkers called Dial-A-Joke, Dial-A-Plant, Dial-A-Smile or 18 other topical messages. Last year it netted the phone company a tidy \$18 million. **Diane Francis**

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# Under wraps: fah-la-la-la-la Figaro

By Lawrence O'Toole

While most people may not know it, they're living in a new Golden Age of Song. The new Caruso, Luciano Pavarotti, sales out from the corners of magazines and in the darling of the chat shows: a household name. A horde of new singers such as Kiri Te Kanawa, Edda Magnoli, José van Dam, Joyce Norman, Plácido Domingo, Renata Scotti, Hildegard Behren, Lisann Klotzsch and Silvia Gendreau may well be remembered as legends. Older, well-established singers—Birgit Nilsson, Jess Vickers, Leontyne Price, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Viorica de los Angeles—show no signs of retiring totally. Classical record companies are clearing out expensive board opera sets and rental albums at a rate that would have been financial folly a few years ago. All the majors—Columbia Masterworks, Deutsche Grammophon, Philips, RCA, Angel and London—report that classical sales in general are up this year, in some cases in the tune of 60 per cent. Classical companies are, on an average, releasing a dozen or so vocal (opera, rental and choral) recordings within a six-month period. Angel, for instance, has released five vocal and seven opera boxed sets this year. Some of the new releases, such as Vaughan Williams' *Phaëton the Drifter*, are considered exotica even among the musical cognoscenti—but they're selling. North America is listening more than ever to classical pop, therefore can hardly find the time to listen to it all.

According to Dennis Kozlowski of Angel, classical records sales are "explosive." He credits the report that some executives, such as vice-chief Itzhak Perlman, knew with the younger generation as an explanation—"communication in the most common way." Classical music has come down from the clouds. Another explanation offered by Paul Gardner, Secretary of CMC (Columbia Masterworks), is that previously very little was done to market classical records in Canada. "We did a lot of work on Canadian (heavily hyped at this year's National Arts Centre Festival in Ottawa). That's unheard of for a French opera."

And then there's the impact of TV, live performance from the Met, superstar singers such as Bubbles Silverman, aka Beverly Sills, showing up on talk shows and shattering mass stereotypes then glances. Pavi's musical programming. A few years ago it was belittled, nowadays the new conservative generation is coddling up to the classics.

Though recordings are looked upon by some as not quite the real thing—similar to having someone else kiss for you—they are still a reasonably cheap method of transport into the concert hall and onto the stage. However some of the more important recent vocal recordings—such as *Figaro*.

**SPIRITUALS**  
Joyce Norman  
(Philips)

This isn't a case of a classical singer trying to be a hell-bent-for-lethal go-jumper. It's a classical singer weaving her powers in trying a new dimension to spirituals. The arbitrary Norman laments on them raises numbers such as *Good As Well As Done* and *There's a New Gonna Be Good* to a level that can even be appreciated by those who don't know what a bawdy is. Lamented and beautifully, heavenly black, the song makes you want to cry during *My Lord, What a Morning*, and start *spinnin'* minkies up the sky in *Do Lord, Oh Do Lord*. And the great gift of Joyce's voice in *Great Day* makes you jump as the minkies.



O SOLE MIO  
Pavarotti Favorites Revisited Songs  
(London)

That big bundle of good news, Pavarotti, brings buckets of freshness to such old standards as *Come Back to Surrender*, *O Sole Mio* and even the faded-out *Farewell Pavarotti*. Golden showers of sound pour out from some seemingly endless sources. His heart is as big as a tuba. Whereas most singers singing Neapolitan cry themselves into fits of tears of high C's, Pavarotti liquefies the total language of the songs. The Italians call it, simply, *dolce*. If you were wondering how to warm up a winter night...



HUMPHREYS, HANDEL, AND GRETTEL  
Conducted by Sir Frithjof  
(Columbia Masterworks, 2 discs)

HUMPHREYS, HANDEL, AND GRETTEL  
Conducted by Sir Frithjof  
(London, 2 discs)

Fritsch's is utterly charming. The fairy tale, lit up by some of the most seductive voices known going (Beata Cebulova, von Stade, Te Kanawa and Ruth Welmgut), turns into a conversation of nightingales. If you want to get children interested in classical music, just leave them with this and you won't hear a peep. Also for those who years to feel five years old.

Charming isn't quite the word for Sola's version. Germanic is the con-

duct as he would Wagner heavy on the brass and percussion, the baton bearing down on the rhythms. This one shows the darker side of the fairy tale if there's enchantment, it's a curse. Well-sung, especially by Julia Husari, and Walter Berry as the parents, but Lucia Pappi's and Brigitte Fassbender's voices are, shall we say, too mature for the kids. The sadder but wiser version.



KIRI TE KANAWA STRAVINSKY—FOUR LAST SONGS  
ORCHESTRAL SONGS  
Conducted by Andrew Davis  
(Columbia Masterworks)

Perfection, far wiser of a better word. Richard Strauss wrote his *Four Last Songs* shortly before his death, they're his last farewell to the world. In his first solo album, Kiri Te Kanawa, the Maori soprano, prays upon such accolade with a siren and sapphire sound. At the top it flares blue where the thin flames turn incandescent. This is the voice that Strauss wrote for—and must have prayed for. In the orchestra swelling underneath, Andrew Davis catches the sounds of death. Extremely moving in and of itself, but also in the thought that human beings can manage to make such things as these.



Sesto D'Orfano CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA  
Conducted by James Levine  
(RCA)

When opera companies start taking the festival season they drag out Cav and

Fig (Cavalleria Rusticana coupled with *I Pagliacci*). A murky misadventure of crime and passion set in Sicily, no wonder Cav is so popular. It has all the things that matter—love, lust, revenge, violence and lots of good tunes. *Placido Domingo* is in the form as the rakish Turiddu, but the little is finer in Renata Scotti (usually as variable as the weather) who sings a big and melodiously hissing wretched version. Pavarotti's conducting is thin, the best tenor version, a rhythmically exciting and reasonably melodic, but the old Calles-Serlin monstrosity is still the one to

beat. RCA has managed to fit everything on one disc (it has always been a two-record set), and these days a bargain is a bargain.

CABALLE (GRACE WAGNER)  
Conducted by Allen Lortie  
(RCA)

Meetsman Caballe, renowned for her prowess in the Italian repertoire, says the Lortie set from *Tristan and Isolde* and *Die Walküre* from *Tristan und Isolde* with the sweetness and grace of a bathhouse. A mistake of the most mammoth proportions.



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FREDERICA VON STADE: ITALIAN OPERA Arias  
Conducted by Mario Bernardi  
(Columbia Masterworks)

A Soubrette-like mezzo-soprano, as rich an actress as the bottom and often light yet sturdy at the top. The aria from Rossini's *Servant's Tale* takes its toll, and in the little-known and fairly lurid *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, von Stade's voice isn't exactly straight. The real achievement of the disc is by the National Arts Centre Orchestra under conductor Mario Bernardi: hardly a warmer replacement.



BEETHOVEN: ANGELA BORELLI  
Conducted by Leonard Slatkin  
(Deutsche Grammophon, 2 discs)

Composed after Beethoven had gone deaf, the *Missa Solemnis* is one of those awesome achievements of man. Bernstein, with the aid of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, brings the deepest understanding to its massive choral configurations, feverish fugues and moments of sublime near-silence, such as the *Adagio* with its piercing violin solo. The voices of the soloists, particularly the formidable soprano of Sidsa Mørset, rise to the top of some imaginary cathedral in eloquent tangles of tone that bear their way to rapturous shouts of joy. **D**

## Books

# Under wraps: tricks and treats

Legionized lady of the night (reads Universal Prince Cook) from 'The 80s'; Evelyn's crossed ball leader, changing the light



**I**t seems fitting in a book coming decade with a *Choice of Catastrophes: The Disaster That Threatens Our World*, Isaac Asimov's encyclopedia of present dangers, that there are so few big gentle gift books, the kind that suit everyone from a little sister to an octogenarian aunt. Herewith a few that come close—and many that present what's special about special interests.

Speaking of the Yols, never has a simple change of light seemed so ominous—two books will arrange the fearful. A bit treacherous itself in its wild swings from the tawdry to the wildly satiric, *The Yols: A Look Back at the Tumultuous Decade 1950-1969* (Thomas Allen, \$19.95) holds out the hope that everything will go wrong but at least it will be funny. Solar-powered electric chairs will allow the condemned to eat a hearty meal while waiting to be fried. Disney, too, will lay Great Britain, turning it into the world's largest amusement park, the United Magic Kingdom. Kermit the Frog ("Take out, for there are no legs") will turn out to be the second coming. Life magazine will change its name to *Half-Life*, celebrating nuclear power, not to mention

the nuclear family. And China will compress 30 years of Western civilization into a four-year crash course featuring a Chinese Woodstock. Such is the stuff of modern.

Canada 1964. *This Year in Review* (Lester & Orpen Denays, \$9.95) means to be just as funny but ends up mostly sensible. Murray Saypol's brand of *future shock* could be picked out of today's paper, the *NSP* taps every Canadian phone, offenders are jailed for perverts of nature laws, blue-eyed John Turner admires his reflection in a glass-fronted mirror. Caricatures by Isaac Hickelstiel don't add bite, just relief from the frail reality of the jokes. Sample, Jan. 26, 1964 "Prisoners Margaret and her new husband Brent Stewart ended their visit to the Ministers and headed back to London where he was scheduled to have the knees removed from his teeth." Poor old country. Poor old Orwell!

If you want to offend, silly helps laughter on someone for Christmas, the best bet is *Awaken, Awaken, Awake! A Collection of Great Awakened Carols* (Pineberry & Whitehead, \$15.95), offered with the touch of two of the best contemporary caricaturists, George Booth and Gahan Wilson. It's the poetic justice of it all that's so funny. —Ann and Co.

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bees, horses in turds take us as well as exploding kismet shoes on fire and paws. And though for some reason there's an overabundance of tawdriness and punner-like jokes, there is also South's rough-edged, sassy, limerick balladry. David Spenser's surreal interpretation of "Ogi got your tongue?" and everything by James Thurber.

The dark side of the nose of cartooning (or, rather, cartooning close to mourning) is explored in Terry Mosher's and Peter Dehner's *The Mockers: A History of Canadian Political Cartoons and a Cartoonsists' History of Canada* (McClelland and Stewart, \$19.95). Considering the art is described by Toronto *Star's* Dennis Marghiesan as "the heart of the people" and the muckratic nature of cartoonists, the book radiates an incredible harmony. It's partly the symmetry of themes: the issues exploited for laughs and foreplay by Canada's early political cartoonist John Bengeath (1830-1891)—Protestant-English tensions, Canada-US relations, East-West divides, big guys stamping little guys—are exactly the same issues finding the present generation. But mostly it's the cartoonsists themselves: what they are and what they do most together in a particularly outrageous and unimpeachable way. B.C.'s Bob Sherman, who regularly draws politicians' noses in the shape of erect penises, "the cartoonist George Feyer, who made up a little rubber stamp spelling 'RETIRED' to plant his disapproval on the faces of the powerful, Macfarlane, described by a colleague as a "combination of Mary Poppins, Mark Twain and Attlee the Flax"—all successfully stick the little guy's thumb to his nose. The story of how cartoonists won respect and independence from their rather indifferent editorial bosses, and just in the past 15 years, is proof that sometimes that thumb works.

With its turquoise binding embossed with little crowns and its art deco illustrations in ink, orange and china blue, *Fairy Tales of the Dragon Games* (Penguin Books Canada, \$16.95) is the kind of children's book adults love. First published with Danish artist Kay Nielsen's watercolors in 1905, 12 classic stories take on an ethereal flavor alarmingly compatible with the princesses of the Grimms. Dragons breathe angular fire, heads are topped off and rebound back-to-front, phoenix-like birds rise out of juniper trees to mate out revenge—and revenge is sweet. In the flat planes of art deco, fairy tales become living life fables.

From dragons to mushrooms, Henry Jackson, unlike his younger brother A. Y., spent the better part of his life suffering a job at a commercial art firm, living for the two days out of seven when he was free to traipse in the



Jackson's Juniper Tree: angular fire

Quebec woods and hunt out the mushrooms he loved to paint. Mr. Jackson's *Mushrooms* (National Gallery of Canada, \$30) is a celebration of that treasure, a tender testament of pleasure that turned to passion. For most, the precise plates will be overshadowed by Jackson's notes. Funny, gentle and rarely dull, these reveal in slow signposts an intensely private man, one who confesses that retirement was "the greatest turning point" of his life and one who, for art's sake, sneaks his wife's meat grinder to break up sheep manure to fertilize his private collection. This is a brilliant detail of both botanical and human life.

A solid evidence of art collecting in Canada over the past 50 years, *G. Blair Laing's Memento of an Art Dealer* (McClelland and Stewart, \$24.95) is a valuable barometer of taste and tradition. Unfortunately, this is where the value of this handsome book ends but for fine passages on Lauren Harris and Edward Seaga, Laing has a lighter memory for his buyers, a disappointing preference. More often than it should

this reads like Zora Cherry with footnotes.

A fine biography, J. Russell Harper's *Kreighoff* (University of Toronto Press, \$29.95) has the busy richness of vintage biography. Harper fits the jagged pieces of the artist's sketchy life with the deftness of five years' research, leaving it out with a fine feeling for the period and ensuring it with strong wit and affection. In his best form as a *Hercule Poirot*, Harper smells and seizes at the great bulk of work that Kreighoff didn't do, the fakes. This is the complete Kreighoff, made to be savored.

Fight the stentorian moral tone (the one gloth and it taketh away) of passages from Melville, Thoreau, Kipling; ignore the sand and sea motif that almost ruins the back of the book. Concentrate instead on the side rooms for the sensu down (John Wiley and Sons, B7 65), the work-faking paintings of landlocked Toronto artist Ron Bell, who makes the scene glister, threaten and roll on without reference to himself, exactly as it does.

Jumpstart to the Far West (James Lorimer, \$35.95), an anthology of archival photographs and explorers journals,

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a calculated childish vision are inevitably embedded.

It's perhaps not coincidental that in the era of the brand name Polaroid, photography became artistically respectable. One of a *Kunstverein* Polaroid Color Photography [Pittsburg & Witznold, \$22.50] demonstrates that some modern inventions are capable of magic, at least in the hands of first-rate photographers. Marie Curie, Lucien Bataillon, William Faulkner and Ilya Repin, among others, in many cases, the bright, deep-toned and shadowed Polaroid color make snapshots all their own.

Now, in praise of ferocious women.

Headlines, subheadings and preface. Caryl Patterson is doing fodder for a contemporary biography (like trick of a best-selling biography) being to soothe the conscience of its adventurous readers and increase the self-righteousness of the remainder. And Cline, the subject of *Cowp: The Extraordinary Life of Eleanor Merrell Patterson* (Morrow, \$19.95), born with beauty, money, brains and ink in her veins, structured her life with the inevitability of a commercial novel. She married a Polish count, left him, married the best of Washington circles for a man "that she didn't have to bother looking up to," and still found time to work, becoming the first woman editor of a major American newspaper, the *Washington Times-Herald*. Ralph Maritz writes in his usual engaging, candid and pompous style, same when compared with the sensationalist journalism of Cline herself.

Cherubino, Charles (Grove, \$25.95), on the other hand, is definitely for the virtuous. After flowing through this exhaustive, fascinating and reverent account of Cherubino (his daughter Mary Seamus), it is tempting to agree with former prime minister Asquith, who wrote, "Cherubino, of whom I was quite fond, is as fond a bore." The task of cataloguing the memoirs of Cherubino's life—a list of carpeting color descriptions.

vision, state dinners and ungrateful devotion to Winston—is an unenviable one, and Seamus resigns herself to it with a minimalist's gusto. The emerging portrait is of a doubtful but courageous woman who suffered from her own perfectionism and the demands of public life. Cline once said that "it took all my time and strength to keep up with [Winston]. I never had anything left over." Like all memoirists Seamus gets her efforts through accommodation of detail, and the result can be moving and illuminating. Cline's life eventually raises the question of a correlation between the decline of great statesmen and the decline of faithful wives.

Poopy Guggenheim's memoir, *Set of the Century: Conventions of an Art Addict* (Book Center Inc., \$22.50) is purely for dilettantes. To the opening of her New York gallery in 1945, this patron of the arts was one serving by Tanguy and another by Alexander Calder. Her intentions were to show "impartiality between surrealism and abstract art." The unkind fact of this gassed-up new

Portrait of Polaroid by John Feather and Eleanor's friend, yesterday's night.



account of her life, an amalgam of two old books, is that everything sounds a little more even Guggenheim wants it to seem. Even allowing for the self-consciousness that is to be expected from someone whose only talent for years was to shock, Guggenheim emerges as a glamorous young thing whose forays into taste were either accidental or greatly aided by those who knew better than she. While there's an amusing charm to some of the century's most important artists—James Joyce, Samuel Beckett, Miss Krut—as if they were bureaucrats, Guggenheim was the kind of fashionable woman who was her heart on her sleeve and her mind on her marble.

These levers can take their pick of even two formidable composers. The first the Sonnets have called a forger, Beethoven, whatever remains his shade (perhaps, must be willing, leaving). Put in *Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich* (Pittsburg & Witznold \$19.95), a loose patchwork of reminiscences, the greatest of Soviet composers, and—identically—a number of old scores. The gossip about musical politics is fascinating, the story for Stalin, his beliefs and tyranny of any stripe is horrendous. An unexpectedly absorbing book, not least because of its informal glimpses into a people who survive state-sanctioned lunacy through tactful sense, vodka and a feisty sense of humor.

Drudgishly researched, gloriously written, *Chopin & Biography* (Calton, \$22.95) tells by default into cubed too. Anna Zamojski devotes many chapters to one of the least likely love stories of the 19th century: musical, well-loved, clear-headed George Sand and overbred, neurotic, neurotic Chopin, who, in an age of elaborate piano playing, seemed only after midnight, playing his subtle, exacting, otherworldly music in private salons. It is a single candle in Paris the derelict and Paleolithic shoulders with a musical establishment whose entrance means Liszt, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Meyerbeer—even that most neglected of utterly great composers, Chopin. Zamojski gives us facts about domestic arrangements, little about Chopin's place in the musical ferment of the Romantic age.

Oh, and Sigurd Freud is back. Yes, he has only been dead now for a few years, but he has popped up again like a recurrent dream. The season's three new books on Freud are a reminder that his ideas always seemed the pragmatic reader.

The last first, *Freud for Beginners* (Random House, \$5.75) is a comic-book



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Deliriously as legend: Freud, groping toward

documentary, a kind of *Cosmo Notes* covering the main points of Freud's life and ideas. However, the art is unpleasantly lurid (reprinted, in fact) and the format is cramped. *Sigmund Freud* (Random House, \$24.95) on the other hand, is a wonderfully idiosyncratic, non-sensational, visual synthesis of Freud's ideas. Ralph Steadman has written and illustrated a biography based on Freud's book *Jokes and Their Relations to the Unconscious*. In drawings that reward long and arduous scrutiny, Steadman puts his slightly cross-eyed, snake-fingered Freud into absurd scenes of Vienna, with the "rippling vulgarity of its art" resisted by rigid architecture. There is a nice obsession attention to accurate detail and a wonderful Freudian spool of letters swollen into non-specific organs.

Frank Sullivan's manuscript, scholarly work, *Freud: Biologist of the Mind* (Pittsberry & Whitbread, \$25.95), was single-handedly "resuscitated" Freud for the next decade or two. In the course of his comprehensive intellectual biography, Sullivan redefines Freud as a product of his time and of a certain scientific tradition, not (as legend would have it) the isolated hero whose theories sprung full-blown out of painful self-analysis. Sullivan argues that Freud's ideas drew their inspiration from his training in biology and the physical sciences, that Freud worked in a tradition that extends back to Darwin and forward to the sociobiologists. Then with a backhanded grace that lifts the book above the purely thorough, Sullivan decides that although Freud was not the solitary figure legend makes him out to be, he is a hero nevertheless — because history moves forward. His analysis of how myth makes history fascinating, and work the long trip through Freud's complex prose.

Reviewed by Anne Collins, Cindy Corbett, Maria Lefkowitz, Van Johnson, Bruce Greenhouse, Bill MacIntyre and Barry Teich

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THE JOURNEY BEGINS DECEMBER 7 AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

## When future archeologists study the digs, cereal boxes will reveal deep divisions

By Allan Fotheringham

There'll come a time, one supposes, when it will be acknowledged, when it will be discussed and admitted and analysed. But for the moment it remains in the closet, something that nice people don't think about. "It" is the nasty thing referred to when Pierre Trudeau, in a post-retirement interview, made a sardonic reference to the fact that he realised it would have to be someone else who could rebuild the Liberal party out there where they still think of me as French-Canadian or a Comic.

With that statement, the man who lost the prime minister's chair because he did not seem to comprehend a large chunk of the country indicated that he knew the problem only too well. No one will confess it and no one wants to bring it up, but there was a most unpleasant streak of bigotry beneath the surface of the Canadian mentality on May 22. After 11 years of being ruled by a man from Quebec who came to Ottawa in an attempt to unite the two cultures, a lot of Canadians decided to get even. Trudeau's sin? He was from Quebec.

Early in the campaign, I was at a small Saskatchewan town, attempting around a dinner table to explain some of my reservations about the intellectual capacity of Joe Clark. "Don't tell me," said the man of the house, holding up his hand in warning. "I don't want to hear. At least we won't have to put up with that." He jerked his head in derision at a restaurant on the table that carried that dreadful translation in French. He didn't care a whit about the credentials of Joe Clark—he had made up his mind long before the campaign began and he was going to get his revenge. He had a lot of company.

The phenomenon of the cordillitas, then, as a factor in Canadian politics, is something that historians or sociologists will have to ponder in their astronomical some decades hence. On the November night in 1976 when the Paris

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Quebecois vote power the total response of Bill Vander Zalm, a British Columbia cabinet minister of high popularity in the beer parlors, was that his cordillitas box wouldn't be corrupted anywhere if Quebec secured Mr. Vander Zalm as an immigrant from one of the most tolerant countries on earth, Holland. (If Mr. Trudeau's weary rejoinder to the cordillitas dilemma "If it offends them, why don't they just turn the box around?")

Liberal underlings, admittedly not famous for their understanding of the



Prudities, were astounded during the campaign to find that the metro system, the logging tenure system, was an underlying issue in the elections. There was a lurking resentment, a hint that it was a European, if not Gollie, intrusion brought about because of the presence of Quebec figures in the cabinet.

There is the factor of yokodex, always a measure of a nation's sanity. When a nice lady included a stanza in French in her singing of the national anthem at a Toronto Blue Jays baseball game, she was booed by more than the Bankers in the bleachers, by the light-skinned kids and professionals. Toronto wants in the good team too. In the Pacific Columbia where the Vancouver Canucks play their NHL games, a rebellious high-school teacher by name of Richard Loney tugs the anthem. When the visiting team is the beautiful Montreal Canadiens, who play the game the way she is meant to be played, he swings into one or two verses in French.



A strange thing happened that fall. When he started in on the French, the boo cascaded down Loney was so shaken that he gulped the remainder of the anthem. It was 1976 that gave the republic in the rafters the courage to vent their spleen. Good clean Canadian bigotry, "anti-Frenchness" was loudly creeping out of the closet.

Early in the year, before the election was even called, a quiet York University professor, sniffing the Toronto mood,

confused over a scratch that he found something most odd. "After 11 years, Torontonians have discovered to their surprise that Pierre Elliott Trudeau is a French Canadian." They discovered it and decided to do something about it. The situation manifested itself in the dinner-party games familiar to any journalist in 1968, about Trudeau's supposed early links with communists, his visit to a world youth congress in Moscow, the manuscript about his perverted life. It was 1968 recycled. The petty little hate mail factory in Fleeterton, Ontario, resurfaced with the leaflet-house clandestine mailings on the man.

It was Trudeau's strange lunaticism resulting, not any devious plotting, that reinforced the prejudice. Because he let the Turners and the Macdonalds and Keweenaw and Mackenzies and the main and refused any responsibility for their replacement, the news began to be dominated by the Clivertons and Lalonde and Magins. The man who at last gave Quebec some pride and place in smaller Canadian parts was in the end punished for it.

The sad spectacle, in the past few weeks, of a deliberate Liberal caucus decision to mute the voices of the senior Quebecers sits on the Liberal front bench—no so set to irritate Western Canada further—was one of the prime factors in Trudeau's reluctantly conceding that he had to go.

He goes, at least a partial victim of what's now being manifested in affront as well as beer-parlor Canada grunted bigotry.



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